

116
October, 1968

COME SUMMER

(A Musical based on
"Rainbow On The Road"
by Esther Forbes)

Book & Lyrics: Will Holt

Music: David Baker

Albert W. Selden & Hal James
119 West 57th Street
New York, N.Y. 10019
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ACT ONE

Scene 1

In place of the overture, we hear in the darkness, the tolling of a church bell - and then another, farther away.

And then the cries of four town criers - each one coming from a greater and greater distance - to suggest the remoteness of nineteenth century villages in New England.

FIRST

January - in Bolster's Mills - and all's well!

SECOND

(higher, more distant)

February - in Bellows Falls - and all's well!

THIRD

(nasal, efficient)

Sturbridge, Mass - the middle of March - and all's well!

FOURTH

(very high, remote, exasperated)

April first - in Hanover - and damned cold!

(The lights have come up slightly to reveal a desolate barren landscape, and in the middle of it - huddled together to escape the wind, two peddlers.

The younger is JUDE SCRIBNER, a limner - that is, an itinerant painter who sells his portraits door to door. He is about thirty, more devilish looking than handsome. He is a lusty man, given to laughter and love in equal amounts.

The second peddler is older - a lively, restless man - a bit past his prime, a bit out of his time. His name is PHINEAS SHARP, and he sports a stove-

pipe hat, a frock coat, and the remains of a fancy vest. There is something about him that reminds one of the tattered posters announcing the circus - exciting and fraudulent at the same time.

PHINEAS is a Broadside Man, who makes his living peddling gossip, news, political satire and songs, all printed on long sheaths of paper. If there happens to be no news at the moment, PHINEAS is not above inventing some.

At the opening, the two sit huddled against the wind, trying not to freeze to death.

PHINEAS surveys the wasteland, and their prospects)

PHINEAS

(surveying the scene)

And God had the gall to call this creation. Why, I could do better.

JUDE

(in extremis)

Phineas. We've reached the end. I've half a mind to give up peddling.

PHINEAS

(doing a complete switch)

Give up all this? For what?

JUDE

For warmth!

PHINEAS

(offering a long sheath of paper)

Here. Have a broadside.

(He attempts to light it. And can't)

JUDE

Your broadsides ain't exactly inflammatory.

PHINEAS

They're seasoned.

JUDE

They're old.

(he gets up, and extends his hand)

I'm sorry, old friend. I'm off to get warm. This is goodbye.

PHINEAS
 (galvanized into action by the
 thought of losing his friend)
 No, it ain't.

(JUDE starts to walk off. PHINEAS
 yells out of the blue)

Rape!

JUDE
 (startled)
 What?

PHINEAS
 Rape!

JUDE
 Why yell rape?

PHINEAS
 Why not?

(A MAN dashes on, all excited)

MAN
 Who's been raped?

PHINEAS
 (improvising)
 Woman down the road - black hair, green eyes.

MAN
 What, again?!

(This stops PHINEAS for a moment)

Who by?

PHINEAS
 (glancing at his broadside)
 Highwayman.

MAN
 Real or phantom?

PHINEAS
 A real phantom. Blazin' eyes. Lustin' up the countryside
 again. Everywhere at once.

(giving him the broadside)
 Here's a broadside - full description of his crimes - some
 fit only for private perusal. Twenty-five cents.

(The MAN pays, reads, then notices
 JUDE, bewildered)

MAN

Who's that?

PHINEAS

(innocently)

I don't know. Don't you know?

(JUDE suddenly realizes that he is the pigeon. MAN refers to the broadside again, and then shows it to PHINEAS)

MAN

Ain't he...?

PHINEAS

(recoiling)

Is he?! Goodness! It does fit!

(stridently, to JUDE)

Stop! Thief!

JUDE

(horrified)

You're starting again!

PHINEAS

(fervently)

I hope so!

SOUND THE TOCSIN! RING THE BELL!
LAMKIN'S LOOSE AND RAISING HELL!

(directing the MAN)

SPREAD THE DREADFUL NEWS AROUND
RUBY LAMKIN'S COME TO TOWN!

(MAN starts for JUDE. JUDE runs. MAN starts after him, but PHINEAS holds him)

He's dangerous. Get volunteers!

(MAN nods his head and starts yelling. Bells ring. Sirens sound. More and more townspeople fill in behind the man, forming a heroic tableau, complete with pitchforks, guns, ropes, and at the head - an American flag. They all run in place. PHINEAS runs with them, hawking his broadside and doing grand business)

GROUP

SOUND THE TOCSIN! RING THE BELL!
LAMKIN'S LOOSE, AND RAISING HELL!
SPREAD THE DREADFUL NEWS AROUND
RUBY LAMKIN'S COME TO TOWN.

(PHINEAS again attempts to light his broadside...This time it burns beautifully. He uses it as a fuse and lights an offstage cannon.

There is a roar of a cannon, and the group takes off as if it had been shot from it. To the tune of "Chester" played by a brass choir, they streak across the stage, in pursuit of the highwayman.

PHINEAS, delighted at the reaffirmation of his powers, steps forward)

GROUP (Cont'd)

After a hard winter, this area's a tinderbox!

I'M FEELING LIGHT AS AIR
AND GOOD AS NEW
SINCE I'VE DISCOVERED
THERE'S A FEATHER
TICKLING IN MY SHOE.

THE WEIGHT I FELT IS GONE,
MY WORRIES TOO
FOR I'VE DISCOVERED
THERE'S A FEATHER
TICKLING IN MY SHOE.

AND I CAN WALK AT WILL
AND WANDER TILL
THE DAY I WALK NO MORE

AND TEN FEET OFF THE GROUND
I'LL ROAM AROUND
WITH NO ONE CARING
WHERE I'M BOUND.

MY SPIRIT'S SOARING HIGH
I LIKE THE VIEW
FOR I'VE DISCOVERED
THERE'S A FEATHER
TICKLING IN MY SHOE.

I'M BOUND FOR WHO KNOWS WHERE...
NOW YOU COME TOO.
AND YOU'LL DISCOVER
THERE'S A FEATHER
TICKLING IN... YOUR... SHOE!

(PHINEAS goes off with his broadsides, and in a moment returns empty-handed. Sold out. We may see snips of carnage as the Lamkin legend takes hold of the New England imagination.

Although bare of broadsides, he has gathered up a few articles of value - a shawl, a candle stick, a fur coat and hat, a bottle of wine, a chicken leg. He sits down in satisfaction to enjoy a picnic, when JUDE reappears, wild-looking, and furious. PHINEAS smiles up at him)

PHINEAS

Fellin' warmer?

JUDE

You miserable, lyin - !

PHINEAS

A simple thankee will suffice.
(grandly)

Well, Ruby, your fortune's made!

JUDE

What fortune?

PHINEAS

See how the people accepted you.

(JUDE is dumbfounded)

You are that rogue, b'God. You are the Phantom Highwayman. Not every man could fill that bill.

JUDE

Your description fits half of New England.

PHINEAS

Now, that's lucky. You couldn't take care of all that lust alone. I figger this way, you'll get plenty of help.

Oh, what a summer lies before you! I envy you. Not the money. The opportunities! Before the season's out, there ain't a woman around who could refuse you, Handsome Dog. Not a man who wouldn't trade places with you. Not a Sheriff who wouldn't quake at the mention of your name.

You're the Hero. The Will of the People. You're the dark side of all of us.

(tapping his forehead)

The dreams we keep up in the attic. Here, have a handbill.

JUDE

No thanks.

PHINEAS

When we get to New Hampshire, we'll sell your soul to the Devil!

JUDE

No.

PHINEAS

What, no! I got the broadsides all printed up. All we need is more - to meet the demand.

JUDE

You do it. You don't need me.

PHINEAS

(exasperated)

But you need me. If you'd ever lose those narrow, meechy ways of yours, you'd bust out like a chick from an egg or a Deacon out of Church. But, as is - you can't sell your paintings without me. Look at that one of Emma Faucett. That's five years old, and not sold yet.

JUDE

I'm not finished.

PHINEAS

Hhm. You only got as close as painting her. What, did the real artical scare you?

JUDE

I only saw her once, but I never forgot that once.

PHINEAS

I don't understand you. You keep shying away from Paradise...

JUDE

Where's Paradise?

PHINEAS

The right here and now. These roads, this country, the way it is, only going on forever. There's the pity, of course. That it don't, and it won't. It'll change. But we got the chance to poke around in it one more time. And b'God, we could make this one a dandy!

(casting his spell)

THINK VILLAGE SQUARES

THINK WILDWOOD

THINK COUNTY FAIRS

THINK CHILDHOOD

THINK COUNTERPANE

JUDE

(falling in)

THINK THANKEE

PHINEAS

THINK RIGHT AS RAIN

JUDE

THINK YANKEE.

BOTH

THOSE LONG ROADS TO WANDER
THOSE LONG THOUGHT TO PONDER

JUDE

THINK MELTING SNOW

PHINEAS

THINK LONG AGO
YESSIREE, THAT'S THE THING
THINK SPRING!

(And nature follows suit. Spring
emerges as they walk along - first
the buds, then the leaves - lacy and
then filled out, and the flowers)

JUDE

THINK APPLE TREES

PHINEAS

THINK CLOVER

JUDE

ANEMONES
ALL OVER

PHINEAS

THINK RUNNING BROOKS
GONE CRAZY

JUDE

THINK OPEN DOORS

PHINEAS

THINK LAZY

BOTH

ALONG WITH THE CLOVER
THE SPRING BRINGS THE ROVER

WHEN ROVING MEN
LEAVE HOME AGAIN
THAT'S THE SEASON YOU SING
THINK SPRING!

PHINEAS

Them farm women, flocking to their gates!

(THEY mimic them, almost as a
routine)

PHINEAS (Cont'd)
 "How'd do!"

JUDE
 "Fix clocks?"

PHINEAS
 "With time."

(PHINEAS slaps his knee, then
 says to JUDE)

How could you desert them, when they need our humor?

(A house appears, the back porch
 of it anyway, on the other side of
 the stage. And a young woman comes
 out, doing her spring cleaning.
 She shakes out a multi-colored
 patchwork quilt, as the peddlers
 - who don't see her - keep sing-
 ing)

JUDE
 THINK FIDDLE BOWS

PHINEAS
 THINK FANCY

JUDE
 THINK DO-SI-DO'S

PHINEAS
 THINK DANCY

JUDE
 THINK BEAVER DAMS
 A SPILLIN'

PHINEAS
 THINK LACY SKIRTS

JUDE
 (glimpsing the woman on the
 porch)
 THINK WILLIN'

PHINEAS
 WHEN WIDOWS START HUMMIN'
 THEN SPRINGTIME'S SURE COMIN'

BOTH

THINK MISTY MOONS
THINK SINGIN' TUNES
YESSIRREE - THAT'S THE THING...

JUDE

(making his mind up - and becoming mock-Ruby)

All right. We'll do it. Ruby Lamkin's come to town.

(He starts off in the direction of the woman)

PHINEAS

Where you goin?

JUDE

You go to town. I'll go to work.

PHINEAS

We'll meet tonight.

JUDE

(distractedly)

Yes.

PHINEAS

(exiting)

YESSIRREE, THAT'S THE THING
THINK SPRING.

(JUDE sits down to watch this woman. She doesn't see him, as she goes about her chores. What is there that intrigues him? Is it her intentness - or her back, which is very straight. Or the hair, which is pulled back severely, or the face which is both strong and beautiful?)

The woman's name is MITTY, and she is approaching thirty - the kind of woman who might remain unmarried because she could never find a man her equal.

But she is not impervious to spring)

But she is not impervious to spring)

MITTY

THINK WASH AND RINSE
THINK DAPPLE
THINK CURRANT, QUINCE
AND APPLE

(A man, a solid ox of a man, comes
toward her. Her husband? Her
father? Her brother? JUDE is
disturbed. He sings too.)

LABE

THINK WINTER CLOTHES
ALL PACKED UP

MITTY

THINK KITCHEN FLOORS
ALL TRACKED UP

MY MIND KEEPS ON STRAYING
WHAT CAN IT KEEP SAYING?

LABE

(answering her)

You need a husband. Don't see none in sight.

MITTY

None in mind either.

LABE

You never know... just think -

(DORINDA appears. Older than
MITTY, the kind of New England
woman who is always ailing, but
outlives everyone. Her one word
is the voice of doom and discouragement. She says it sourly.

DORINDA

... Spring!

THINK DRAGONFLIES
A WINGIN'
THINK BUMBLEBEES
A STINGIN'

THE LOGGERMEN
COME BRAWLIN'
THE GARDEN SNAKES
COME CRAWLIN'

DORINDA (Cont'd)

AS SOON AS
THE SLEET GOES
HERE COME THOSE
MOSQUITOES

ANOTHER FLOOD
OF MESS AND MUD
OH MY DEAR, YES, IT'S HERE
THINK SPRING

(LBE and MITTY protest. LBE
even picks DORINDA up and dances
with her, to much protesting.)

MITTY

THINK BERRY STAINS
THINK BIRCHES

LBE

THINK LOVERS LANES
AND CHURCHES

MITTY

THINK SOFT AS SILK

LBE

THINK SANDY

MITTY

THINK BUTTERMILK

LBE

AND BRANDY

BOTH

EACH MORNIN'S HORIZON
HOLDS SOMETHIN' SURPRISIN'

FOR APRIL BRINGS
THE WILDEST THINGS
THAT'S THE REASON WE SING
THINK SPRING

MITTY

Time for supper.

DORINDA

I'd help but I'm feelin' fainty

LBE

My wife's always fainty before meals.

MITTY

But never at.

LABE
 (looking off)
 THINK SUNNY NOOKS

MITTY
 THINK ROSES

LABE
 THINK RUNNIN'BROOKS

DORINDA
 AND NOSES

MITTY
 THINK HIDE AND SEEK

LABE
 AT SUNDOWN

MITTY
 THINK SWIMMIN'CREEK

DORINDA
 THINK RUN-DOWN

(JUDE emerges from the shadows
 and joins in their singing.

ALL
 WHEN SPRING COMES A CALLIN'
 YOU'RE LAUGHIN' - THEN BAWLIN'

WITH FIREFLIES
 BEFORE YOUR EYES
 THAT'S THE REASON YOU SING
 THINK SPRING
 THINK SPRING
 THINK SPRING

(JUDE looks at MITTY, standing in the
 doorway, and she looks at the first
 peddler of the year. DORINDA and
 LABE may be on the same planet, but
 you'd never know. This man and this
 woman have met, and the contact is
 immediate and absolute.)

MITTY
 (looking at JUDE)
 Well, I declare - if winter isn't over.

DORINDA
 (delighted)
 Peddler! First this year. Fix clocks?

JUDE

(still staring at MITTY

With time.

(That sends LABE off into paroxysms of laughter. DORINDA puts a stop to that.)

DORINDA

Labe! Wash up!

(Labe straightens up, and goes into the house.)

(to JUDE)

What's your line of goods?

JUDE

Portraits, Painting.

MITTY

This light's not for painting.

JUDE

No, this light's for looking.

MITTY

I'll set an extra place. ^{THANK} You'll stay the night?

JUDE

(grinning)

It's the custom.

(MITTY goes inside. DORINDA and JUDE are alone. DORINDA's flood of curiosity is only dammed up by her shrewdness in dealing with peddlers.

JUDE sets down his pack. There is a mischievous look in his eye.)

Safe! For the moment.

DORINDA

I've been thinkin of havin my likeness done for some time now - so Labe can remember me when I'm gone. Might as well be now, for who knows how long I've got.

(suddenly thinking about his remark)

What do you mean - safe? Safe from what? What's out there? Never mind! I don't want to know. There's enough to worry about that I do know. What's your price?

JUDE

In oil - three dollars.

DORINDA

(protesting)
I can get buried for six. Tombstone included.

JUDE

This way you live on forever - peering down from the mantel.
(He takes out some canvases)
See if any of these backgrounds meet your fancy...

DORINDA

Three dollars you say. Would that include a lilac bush?

JUDE

My pleasure. Same price.

DORINDA

(ordering)
And three angels, floating overhead. And a sunset.

JUDE

Agreed.

DORINDA

Still, the price is fearful high. Let me ask Mitty.
(screaming)
Mitty!

JUDE

Is that her name?

DORINDA

Her name's submit, but I never saw a person so misnamed.
(back to his original remark)
Why shouldn't you be safe? Are you runnin from somethin?

JUDE

Not at the moment.

DORINDA

Your answers are terrible unsatisfactory.

(MITTY comes to the door.)

MITTY

Supper's ready.

DORINDA

He's agreed to paint my portrait for three dollars. I think that's high, don't you?

MITTY

Let him paint it.

(DORINDA, please, starts in to supper)

DORINDA

Well, as long as you say so.
(turning round)

Why, Mitty, you used the company china.

MITTY

It needed using.

DORINDA

I wouldn't waste it on a peddler.

MITTY

I don't intend to.

(to JUDE)

Come in.

(JUDE walks in after her, as the
Lights fade.)

(Music up and start Mitty's
"juggernaut" drum theme.

When second scene opens we see
MITTY walking - marching - getting
things organized.

This theme will reappear during
the course of the play, interrupt-
ing the action like so many fan-
fares)

ACT ONE

Scene 2

The same, later that evening.

JUDE is carrying his pack towards the shed, when MITTY comes out from the kitchen. She has a fear that he's leaving.

MITTY

Where are you going?

JUDE

Takin' my things to the shed. You mind if I sleep there?

KITTY

But I made up the extra bed with clean sheets.

JUDE

Oh. Now, that's not the custom.

MITTY

I suppose not.

JUDE

You got time to talk?

MITTY

I'm not used to talking - just to talk. Especially when I've got things on my mind.

JUDE

What have you got on your mind?

(MITTY is flustered. She finds she has nothing to say - or really, too much to put into words. Finally, with effort)

KITTY

Where's your home?

JUDE

Here.

MITTY

Don't joke. It makes me uneasy. I don't know where you are.

JUDE

I'm here tonight. That's home. Tomorrow, I'll be at home somewhere else.

MITTY
Then you'll have finished the painting?

JUDE
Angels and all.

MITTY
And then you'll be gone.

JUDE
Nothing to stay for.

MITTY
I hear the roads are still mostly mud.

JUDE
I haven't found so.

MITTY
Up north, it's been a slow thaw.

JUDE
Then I'll head east.
(suddenly)
I'd like to kiss you.

MITTY
I'm just getting used to talking!

JUDE
All right, then.

MITTY
(nettled)
It seems you don't stay put much. Where do you spend the winter?

JUDE
Wherever I happen to land.

MITTY
Then you're not married.

JUDE
No.

MITTY
(having settled that point)
Oh.

JUDE
Peddlers don't make good husbands as a rule.

MITTY
But you're more of a painter.

JUDE

(firmly)
A painter - who travels.

MITTY

Why?

JUDE

Why travel? Because I'm curious.

MITTY

But never curious about settling down?

JUDE

I never had cause to settle down.

(THEY stare at each other)

Are the roads really bad?

MITTY

I don't know. I made that up. I didn't want you to leave.

JUDE

I never met so honest a woman before.

MITTY

Well, I have trouble lying.

(faintly)

What's happening to me?

JUDE

Why?

MITTY

I do want you to kiss me.

(JUDE does. It is meant as a light
kiss, with no more meaning than that.
But instead of the seduction, which
was in his mind, JUDE feels protective -
as well as aroused.

He draws back and looks at her.)

JUDE

(Surprised)

You're crying.

MITTY

(amazed)

I never thought I was lonely - but now...

JUDE

I won't kiss you again.

MITTY

(quickly)

Why not?

JUDE

It hurts to see tears in your eyes.

MITTY

You won't see them again.

JUDE

Some day I'd go away. I'd have to.

MITTY

It's terrible to be in love. We are... aren't we.

JUDE

Yes.

(rising)

I'm not the man to marry you.

MITTY

You're not?

JUDE

No. I'd better go. I'll get my things.

(bewildered)

How'd we get around to marriage so fast?

MITTY

I don't know. I'm not used to talking.

JUDE

And why me?

MITTY

Why, there's no one else I'd ever think of marrying.

(There's nothing more to be said.

She turns to go in the house.)

Goodbye.

(She leaves him standing there,
undecided. First he starts collecting
his gear, packing his canvases.

MITTY appears in a window, looking
out at the night)

IN THE SPRING OF THE YEAR
MY LOVE DID APPEAR
LIKE THE WILD BIRD
ALL A CALLING.

WITH A LOOK IN HIS EYE
LIKE THE BLAZING BLUE SKY
LIKE THE WILD BIRDS
ALL A CALLING.

(JUDE has stopped to listen. The sight of her in the window is too much for him. The sound of her voice destroys his intention to leave. He approaches the porch)

MITTY (Cont'd)

WILD BIRDS FLY AWAY
LOVE SONGS DIE AWAY

THERE'S NO REST FOR ME HERE
FOR THAT CALL COMES SO CLEAR
OF THOSE WILD BIRDS
ALL A CALLING.

(JUDE makes his decision, sets his pack down on the porch. He gets one foot on the step, when a voice says)

PHINEAS

Halt! Up with your hands, Lamkin.

(JUDE whirls, then sees PHINEAS, then relaxes)

JUDE

Phineas! I'm getting married.

(PHINEAS' turn to be stunned. After all, he's only been gone two or three hours)

PHINEAS

Married?!

(then, with lewd understanding)

Oh - Married! Fine. I'll pick you up tomorrow morning.

JUDE

No. Married.

PHINEAS

But - when you're married

(pronouncing a death sentence)

you're married. I could see it in the fall - you need a place for the winter. But just before summer?

(hopelessly)

What can I say?

JUDE

(firmly)

Goodybe.

PHINEAS

Of course.

PHINEAS (Cont'd)

(bringing out a jug)

And I toss you a bachelor dinner. A farewell present. Drink.

(JUDE does)

Goodbye, Dreams. Goodbye, Adventure. Goodbye, two thousand worthless broadsides I just had printed and paid for. But don't feel bad.

JUDE

I don't.

PHINEAS

Time enough for that later.

GOODBYE, MY BACHELOR
GOOD TIMES WILL COME NO MORE
NO MORE THE WINKIN' DAYS
AND NO MORE THE DRINKIN' DAYS

GOODBYE, MY BACHELOR
HARD TIMES ARE AT YOUR DOOR
NOW YOU MUST STAY AT HOME
OR THERE'S HELL TO PAY AT HOME

FAREWELL, AND ADIEU
TO THE BEAUTIES OF THE PAST

ONE LAST
GOODBYE, MY BACHELOR
GOOD TIMES WILL COME NO MORE
SO, BLOW ONE MORE REVELLE
TO DEVILISH REVELRY
AND THEN WHEN WE ARE THROUGH
WE'LL BID A FOND ADIEU
TO YOU, MY BACHELOR, GOODBYE.

JUDE

(protesting)

I'm not dyin. And I'll be back on the road. That's my trade.

PHINEAS

Ha!

JUDE

GOODBYE, MY BACHELORHOOD
MY FUTURE IS LOOKING GOOD
HERE'S TO WHAT LIES AHEAD!

PHINEAS

A HARD LIFE!

JUDE

A DOUBLE BED!

JUDE (Cont'd)

GOODBYE, MY BACHELOR DAYS
FAREWELL TO BACHELOR WAYS

PHINEAS

GOODBYE, ILLICIT BLISS

JUDE

AND HELLO, SWEET WEDDEDNESS

I'M DONE WITH THE PAST
WITH THOSE LOVES THAT NEVER LAST - ONE FAST GOODBYE, MY
BACHELOR

PHINEAS

GOOD TIMES WILL COME NO MORE

ALL

SO BLOW ONE MORE REVEILLE
TO DEVILISH REVELRY
AND NOW THAT WE ARE THROUGH
WE'LL BID A FOND ADIEU
TO YOU, MY BACHELOR - GOODBYE.

(PHINEAS starts off. He has, of
course, the jug)

JUDE

I thought that was my present.

PHINEAS

(shocked)

You'd leave me with nothing?!

(THEY leave. JUDE whirls around,
and shouts up to the window)

JUDE

Mitty. Get up!

(MITTY appears at the window)

MITTY

What is it?

JUDE

(firmly)

We're getting married.

(DORINDA appears at another window)

DORINDA

What?

MITTY

We're getting married.
(SHE leaves the window)

DORINDA

(in horror)

Oh, dear.
So quick? It's indecent.

JUDE

More indecent if we don't.

DORINDA

What will people say?

JUDE

My guess is - plenty!

(MITTY runs out the door, and into
JUDE's arms. He kisses her fully)

JUDE

LOVE, STAY EVER NEAR
I MUST ALWAYS HEAR

BOTH

IN THE NIGHT YOUR SWEET SIGH
LIKE THAT FAR LONESOME CRY
OF THOSE WILD BIRDS
ALL A CRYING.

MITTY

(suddenly unsure)

You will love me?

JUDE

The best way I can.

BLACKOUT

ACT ONE

Scene 3

Two weeks later, in front of
FAUCETT'S Tavern, in Faucett's
Falls.

First, a town crier enters. He is
happy, well-fed, in love with
himself, his job, the Spring, and
Life.

TOWN CRIER

A May Morning in Faucett's Falls - and All's Well!

His path crosses that of PHINEAS,
and the Town Crier's cherriness
meets the stone wall of PHINEAS'
anger.

PHINEAS just watches the man walk
off. He does not take his eyes off
him. And we see the man's happiness
wilt. First he feels silly because
he shouldered out All's Well, then he
feels silly about the way he's
walking, then about even being a
town crier, then about even being,
and by the time he has crossed the
stage, you know that there walks a
man who will never cry All's Well
again.

The lights come up on Faucett's
Tavern. On the porch, in her
rocker, is EMMA, fat, lazy, sensual,
an expression of utter boredom on
her face. Her red hair streams
down her back.

PHINEAS catches sight of her, and
his face brightens in anticipation
of a warm welcome.

PHINEAS

(about to sit in the other rocker)

Emma Faucett!

EMMA

(pointing to a sign)

Don't sit.

(The sign has the words "Peddlers Welcome" on it, and above, in bigger printing, and added, the word "No". Underneath, the word -"Sheriff".)

PHINEAS
(frozen between sitting and standing)
How things change.

EMMA
Yes. There's Faucett's Foundry.

PHINEAS
(peering)
Formerly, Faucett's Field.

EMMA
On Faucett's Field, you'll find Faucett's Factory - Facing the Faucett's Falls Daily Forward.

PHINEAS
Francis Faucett has made you a rich woman.

EMMA
No.

PHINEAS
But he's a rich man.

EMMA
Yes.

PHINEAS
Well, where is he?

EMMA
At the Francis Faucett Funeral Farm.

(PHINEAS hastily takes off his hat,
out of respect for the dead.)

PHINEAS
I didn't know.

EMMA
(weeping)
How could you?

YOU ASKED ABOUT MY HUSBAND
MY TEARS BEGAN TO FLOW
THE THOUGHT OF HIS CONDITION
HAS FILLED MY HEART WITH WOE.

EMMA (Cont'd)

THE DOCTOR SWORE IN AUGUST
HE'D NEVER LAST THE YEAR
THE DOCTOR DIED TWO DAYS AGO
AND FRANCIS STILL IS HERE...

AND FEELING FINE, FINE, FINE,
THANK YOU... FINE.

(We hear a voice, off, which belongs
to the not-departed.)

FAUCETT

Emma, you bitch sow of a cow pumpkin, where are you?

EMMA

Here.

(PHINEAS watches in amazement, as
FAUCETT rolls himself in, in a
wheelchair. He is an old, mean
man, with scraggly hair, and as
close to a cadaver as is possible
and still live.)

How was the funeral?

FAUCETT

Fittin'. Doctor never looked better.

(screaming)

Silas, you slippery wart toad Imp of Satan. Where are you?
(HE rolls off)

EMMA

(in despair)

Those are healthy lungs.

LAST WINTER BROUGHT A BLIZZARD
AS BAD AS BLIZZARDS BLOW
WE WONDERED HOW HE'D WEATHER
THE DREADFUL ICE AND SNOW

IT FROZE THE POISON IVY
IT KILLED THE COLUMBINE
THE ONLY CREEPING THING IT SPARED
WAS THAT OLD MAN OF MINE

WHO'S FEELING FINE, FINE, FINE
THANK YOU FINE.

PHINEAS

(to give her hope)

But he is in a wheelchair.

EMMA

Yes, ever since the day he and Silas was workin on the roof.

THE ROADWAY TO THE GRAVEYARD
SAW MANY A SOLEMN TRIP
ED CHADBOURNE CAUGHT THE MEASLES
MISS HAMLIN BROKE HER HIP.

JOE PIKE FELL OFF A LADDER
THAT HEARSE PASSED TO AND FRO
AS EACH ONE WENT TO HIS REWARD
MY FRANCIS WAVED HELLO

STILL FEELING FINE, FINE, FINE,
THANK YOU, FINE.

PHINEAS

(getting up to go, he's had enough)

EMMA

(stopping him)

MY CREPE IS IN MY HOPE CHEST
ALL READY TO UNPACK
MY WINDOWS WEES ARE WAITING
MY DREAMS ARE EDGED IN BLACK.

I SEE A SAD PROCESSION
A GRIM AND DOLEFUL LINE
WITH FRANCIS FAUCETT - DEAD AHEAD
AND ME - BEREFT - BEHIND

AND FEELING FINE, FINE, FINE
THANK YOU, FINE!

(She almost makes it out of the
rocker in her enthusiasm, but
FAUCETT's voice puts her right
back)

FAUCETT

Silas! Emma! Neither one of you will lift a finger to aid
the helpless.

PHINEAS

Who's Silas?

EMMA

(deadpan)

The hired man.

(FAUCETT comes back on, shotgun
on his lap. Suddenly he spies
a bird, and lifts the shotgun
and blasts away.)

FAUCETT

Hark! A wren!
Or was.
Silas!

(SILAS, comes running on, out of breath. He is dark and shifty, and would be a plotter if FAUCETT ever gave him a moment to stop and think.)

Who're you?

SILAS

I'm Silas.

FAUCETT

You didn't slither on, like usual.

SILAS

I come as fast as possible.

FAUCETT

No, you didn't. Why're you out of breath, you fornicatin' adulterous sinner? What you been doin' you're so out of breath? You must of been doin' somethin'. What was you doin'?

SILAS

Nothin!

FAUCETT

I don't hire you to do nothin! Swarm of hornet's bottoms! Now, hop to, and roll me out!

PHINEAS

(extending a hand to FAUCETT)
Francis Faucett!

FAUCETT

(brushing him away)

No! 'n whatever it is, - if I wanted it. I already go it. If not, I don't want any.

(He spies another bird and blasts away, almost grazing PHINEAS)

Now, that was a wren.

(To EMMA)

I'll be home - with dinner. Come Silas.

(THEY exit.)

EMMA

(hopelessly)

They all go - but him.

PHINEAS

(cheerfully)

Dry your tears. Here's news to take up your mind.

(Broadsides out)

Hackney Murder. Bathsheba Spooner. Dumped her husband in the well. Ding Dong Bell. Spooner's in the Well!

EMMA

(holding up her hand)

No success stories.

(Her rejection is the final blow to PHINEAS. He's hot, tired, and a failure.)

PHINEAS

What's the use?

(He starts to sit.)

EMMA

Don't sit

(PHINEAS is infuriated, and frustrated. He kicks the pile of broadsides - the next best thing to kicking JUDE's backside.)

That's quite a packet of broadsides you put your foot to.

PHINEAS

Printed up special. And worthless now. All concerning that Notorious Highwayman Ruby Lamkin.

EMMA

Never heard of him.

PHINEAS

You would have. But he was cut down in his prime.

EMMA

Murdered?

PHINEAS

Married.

EMMA

A married highwayman don't sound like much to me.

PHINEAS

No? Well, read for yourself.

(He hands her a broadside, and she reads it, and as she reads it, she gets an idea.)

EMMA

(reading)

Do tell! Think of that!

(making a fan out of the broadside
and fanning herself)

He did caper around some, didn't he? Abduction and all that.
If he was to come to this town, I can't imagine what would
happen. Rich Old Man. Weak-willed Matron. I do know you'd
sell broadsides, though.

(PHINEAS sighs)

What does she look like, the woman who ruined him? She must be
some strong to keep him to home.

PHINEAS

(amazed)

I never stopped to notice. Why, I gave up without a struggle.
I can see him now, poor man - a prisoner behind a picket fence.
I'm goin' back. He needs me.

(PHINEAS springs up.)

EMMA

Leave some of those broadsides behind. Who knows when they
might come in handy. Good morning, sheriff.

(PHINEAS meets the SHERIFF, a burly
man, middle-aged. He is carrying a
bell, and looking very perplexed.)

SHERIFF

I don't understand it. Town Crier walked in, laid down his
bell, and quit.

PHINEAS

(delighted)

Did he? Never mind.

(taking over the role, as he exits)

A May Morning in Faucett's Falls - and - Fine.

(bowing to EMMA)

Thank you, Fine.

(He's off.)

SHERIFF

Was that a peddler? I don't want 'em round. I keep a quiet
town.

(There is a shot. EMMA doesn't
look up.)

What was that?

EMMA

(tonelessly)

Dinner.

(SHERIFF goes off. SILAS comes on, wait till SHERIFF's gone, then kisses EMMA.)

SILAS
If only we were rid of him!

EMMA
I think I have the way.
(hands him broadside)

SILAS
(defensively)
Well, I done all I could.
(as he reads)
No mention of murder here.

EMMA
Ruby Lamkin will branch out - with a little help. Now, all we have to do is wait. The Lord knows we're good at that. Hand me my sewing basket.

(SILAS does. EMMA pulls out some black antimacassars and starts sewing happily.)

SILAS
(admiringly)
You don't give up hope, do you?

EMMA
Never!

BLACKOUT

ACT ONEScene 4

The time is late May, the setting the PRATT back yard. What was the shed is being turned into a studio for JUDE.

It has been cleaned out, and whitewashed, and LABE is carrying the last of the gear out to the barn, and returning with JUDE's work materials.

DORINDA is supervising.

DORINDA

I say he put a spell on Mitty. You can't tell me different. Otherwise, how could she stand sleeping next to a - what - you tell me.

LABE

Peddler.

DORINDA

That's bad enough. It's all the other things he might be. And she thinks she's going to change him. Turning this shed into a studio. That won't keep him home.

LABE

You're just riled because he charged for your portrait.

DORINDA

Don't you call it heathenish, chargin' your own kin?

LABE

You weren't kin when you made the bargain.

DORINDA

Well, I was and I wasn't. At supper, I wasn't. By breakfast, I was. Put his paintings in the shed.

(LABE goes off, but that doesn't stop DORINDA.)

You notice how he never answers a decent question. Where's you been, I say, and he answers out. Then he gives me a fistful of posies for an explanation. That don't explain a thing. It just brings up another question. What was he doin', out picking posies.

DORINDA (Cont'd)
(Labe returns with two canvases.)

What's that you got there?

Labe
It says "Europa and the Bull" Scribner after Rubens.

DORINDA
Let me see that.
(DORINDA takes a look and shrieks.)
She's nekkid. Put it away. Cover it up. You can't tell me he's no foreigner.

Labe
(thoughtfully)
I'd say so. You'd never get a Yankee woman up on one of them critturs.
(an afterthought)
Even with her clothes on.

DORINDA
What you got under the other arm?

(Labe shifts guiltily.

Is this one dressed?

Labe
Almost.

DORINDA
Let me see.
(examines portrait of EMMA)
Will you look at her hair, dribblin' down her back - and her sittin' plumped down like she's never done a day's work in her life. Hold on! That face is familiar. That's the woman in Faucett's Falls, ain't it. Yes, it is.

(Labe starts to put the pictures in the shed.)

Wait! Leave this out. Let Mitty look at this loose woman in her back yard.

Labe
She ain't -

DORINDA
Yes, she is. Look at her! No, I don't want you looking at her. Where's the sign Mitty had painted? Go put it up.

(Labe trudges off for the sign.)

DORINDA (Cont'd)

And then we're done. I never worked so hard in my life. And for what? For some scheme of Mitty's to make this man respectable. Well, it will take more than whitewash. But there, I've said My Last Word on That Subject.

(DORINDA has been looking at the paintings suspiciously. JUDE enters, and hears her Last Word.)

JUDE

You have?

DORINDA

(turning, shrieking)

Oh, you give me a start. Oh, my heart. Why don't you announce yourself? I won't ask you where you've been.

(in the next breath)

What you got?

(JUDE hands her a bouquet of blue-bonnets.)

Where'd you get those?

JUDE

(laughing)

Dorinda, that's asking me where I been.

(DORINDA snorts in indignation.)

Well, I'll be out of your way soon. It's time for me to be off.

DORINDA

What do you mean, off?

JUDE

On the road. I'll take Mitty and the wagon, and we'll be off for the summer. I got to earn my living.

DORINDA

(incredulous)

Mitty - in a wagon - bouncing around the country? I think not.

JUDE

You don't know my powers of persuasion.

DORINDA

You don't know who you married.

(LABE comes in with the sign which he puts up on the shed. It reads:

JUDE SCRIBNER
PAINTER
Portraits - Landscapes
Others
Est. 1840)

JUDE

(stunned)
What's that?

DORINDA

Her surprise. To help you get established. A sign. A studio.
Everything you need so's you won't waste time.

JUDE

Whew, I wouldn't waste a minute in there.

(He goes into the shed, takes out
his easel, and some paints and
brings them into the yard.

DORINDA has one last remark as she
sails into the house)

DORINDA

Don't clutter up the yard.

(She goes into the house. LABE goes
back to his chores.

MITTY rushes in, breathless.
Marriage has done something to her.
She is vibrant and terribly alive)

MITTY

(seeing him)
You got home before I did. Then you've seen it. Do you
like it? Is it good enough? I had the sign lettered in
town, and it wasn't cheap. But I like the established part.

JUDE

It's the cleanest thing I ever saw.

MITTY

I just hope it stays that way.

JUDE

It will.
(looking at her with amusement)
You been busy.

MITTY

That's my nature.

JUDE

Is it?

I went up to the pine grove this morning. I missed you.

MITTY

I was in town.

JUDE

You notice the clover?

MITTY

No, but the peas are late this year.

JUDE

Summer's comin.

MITTY

Yes, and so much to be done.

JUDE

I smell the clover, and you know what I see? Us. Sunning ourselves in a hayfield like two lazy cats.

MITTY

Mrs. Buffum asked if you couldn't paint her cat - that great yellow tom that died last winter. I said you could.

JUDE

Surely. Where's it buried?

MITTY

Now that's what I mean.

I'm tryin' to get you work. And you don't help at all.

JUDE

What should I do?

MITTY

Well - wear a Cravat. And stick to the Truth. There's something about you that doesn't inspire confidence. You have too much fun. You should be getting settled.

JUDE

I don't like that word. Settling means giving up something. I don't want to. That's not my nature.

MITTY

Well, what is?

JUDE

Come here.

MITTY

No.

JUDE

Yes, come here and touch me. Don't you want to?

MITTY

I'm not myself this spring.

JUDE

You're more yourself now than you ever were.

(he kisses her)

Now Mitty, don't say a word. Just listen.

Come off with me. We'll take the wagon and roam the country. And every morning we'll wake up, different and the same - in a different place, but the same way - our arms about each other.

MITTY

I'd never have a decent bed. I'd never know where I was.

JUDE

I'd make it so you wouldn't care.

A GOLDEN LIFE I'LL GIVE TO YOU
I PROMISE YOU, MY GOLDEN WIFE
GOLDEN MIRRORS TO REFLECT YOUR GAZE
A GOLDEN LOVE TO WARM YOUR DAYS.

AND WHEN THAT GOLDEN MOON SHALL RISE
WE'LL LOOK AT LIFE THROUGH GOLDEN EYES
FOR GOLDEN PEOPLE CAN'T GROW OLD
AND GOLDEN LOVE NEVER DIES.

MITTY

You talk like that and it makes me want to go check the silver.

OH PAINT NO GOLDEN LIFE FOR ME
A GOLDEN WIFE, I'LL NEVER BE
GOLDEN CASTLES I CANNOT CONCEIVE
AND GOLDEN DREAMS I'LL NOT BELIEVE

JUST HOLD ME CLOSE AND REALIZE
WE LIVE ON EARTH, NOT PARADISE
AND GOLDEN PEOPLE STILL GROW OLD

JUDE

AND GOLDEN LOVE?

BOTH

No.

GOLDEN LOVE NEVER DIES.

(HE kisses HER again. HE has persuaded her, so he thinks)

MITTY
(coming out of the kiss)
We could go to Hartford. It's a nice trip, and not too far.

(JUDE explodes with laughter)
Why're you laughing?

JUDE
We got such conflicting aims. You're hellbent on cleaning me up.

MITTY
No need to swear.

JUDE
Oh, God!

MITTY
Jude!

JUDE
And I must got to muss you up a bit.

(JUDE picks her up in his arms.
She protests a bit)

MITTY
Put me down.

JUDE
Now?

MITTY
(thinking a moment)
Soon.

(A MAN and WOMAN, travelers, enter.
JUDE's back is to them, but MITTY catches sight of them. And they, of her. SHE and THEY freeze)

No, now.

(JUDE does, and turns to see the couple)

MAN
Excuse us.

JUDE
Why, certainly.

MAN
We saw the sign - and stopped to inquire...

(MITTY is all business now.
She senses a sale)

MITTY
Go get some paintings, dear.

WOMAN
(officiously)
Is this the road to Hampton?

(MITTY is stopped dead in her
tracks. JUDE, amused)

JUDE
Which Hampton? Connecticut, Massachusetts, or No. 2
Hampshire.

MAN
Connecticut.

WOMAN
(not sure of her ground)
We are in Connecticut, aren't we?

JUDE
Last time I looked. But with this hot weather, and the land
sliding around so, on the glaciers - we might of slipped
into Massachusetts.

MITTY
(cutting through)
Hampton's five miles that way.

JUDE
(pointing in opposite direction)
Or that way. To tell the truth.

WHICH IS THE WAY TO HAMPTON TOWN?
THIS IS THE WAY.
AND THIS IS THE WAY
BOTH ARE THE WAYS TO HAMPTON.

TAKE A LEFT AND PRESENTLY
HAMPTON'S STEEPLE YOU SHALL SEE
IN AN YOUR SETTLED BE
IN THAT PLEASANT PICKET FENCE TOWN.

OR, TAKE A RIGHT
TOWARD THE NIGHT
THAT'S THE LONGER WAY TO GO
TAKES YOU HALF YOUR LIFE, OR SO.

HEAD WEST, TILL YOU REACH OHIO
STOP THERE, MAYBE OVERNIGHT
THEN CROSS THE MISSISSIPPI
YOU CAN'T MISS IT, IT'S UPON YOUR RIGHT

JUDE (Cont'd)

BEYOND, THERE'S WOODS TO WANDER THROUGH
AND INDIAN TRIBES TO CAPTURE YOU.
YOUR SON BECOMES AN INDIAN BRAVE
YOUR MISSUS IS SOME RED MAN'S SLAVE.

ESCAPE THEM, CLIMB THE WESTERN MOUNTAINS
DESERTS, WHERE THE RATTLED DWELL
BEYOND THAT, THE PACIFIC SHORES
AND SOLDIERS, CALLED CONQUISTADORS

AND MILE HIGH CHURCHES, MADE OF GOLD
WITH SILVERY STEEPLES, SO I'M TOLD
AND THEN, THEY TELL ME, BEYOND THAT
A LAND AND SEA I NEVER WAS AT.

THE INDIES, ISLANDS MADE OF PEARL
WHERE TURQUOISE BREAKERS SWEEP AND SWIRL
AND OVERHEAD, SOME EASTERN STAR
HANDS YOU THE KEY TO ZANZIBAR

WHERE YOU WILL SEE
TIGERS, WITH THEIR EYES OF DIAMONDS
SWIMMING IN THE RIVER NILE
WAVE AT ALL THE PHAROAH'S FOLKS!
SMOKE THEM STRONG EGYPTIAN SMOKES

SPREAD YOUR SAILS! AND HEAD DUE EAST!
THREAD YOUR WAY THROUGH THE ISLES OF GREECE!
ALPS, APENNINES, AND PYRENEES,
GO SKIN YOUR KNEES ON SOME OF THESE!

SEE THERE, SEE THE CHANNEL SEAPORTS
POINTING LIKE A FRIENDLY BEACON
SAIL WEST, PAST THE ISLE OF ERIN
BE BOLD AND BE SO SEAFARIN'

LAND IN BOSTON, LIKE AS NOT
SOON YOU'LL BE STANDING
ON.... THIS.... SPOT!

(having proved his point)

TWO ROADS THEY LEAD TO HAMPTON TOWN
LEFT OR RIGHT, TAKE YOUR PICK.

MAN

(escaping a madman)

We'll take the shorter route, I guess.

(THEY hasten off)

JUDE

(calling after them)

THAT'S RIGHT. SAVE TIME! AND WASTE YOUR LIVES!

(JUDE turns around to find MITTY,
unamused)

JUDE (Cont'd)

What's the matter?

MITTY

(getting up, all her words have
been to no avail)

Well, that didn't earn you a penny.

(SHE starts for the house, dis-
approval in every step)

I'm keeping you from your work.

(SHE passes the easel, and sees
the portrait of EMMA. That is the
last straw)

Is this your work?

(tight-lipped)

A mite fleshy.

JUDE

A mite, maybe.

MITTY

Flower parts are pretty. The woodbine, in particular.

JUDE

I gather you like this painting a good deal.

MITTY

I wouldn't give it houseroom!

JUDE

I'll keep her in my "studio."

MITTY

She belongs in the barn. Why'd you paint her?

JUDE

It's been on my mind. You jealous?

MITTY

Yes. Very!

JUDE

God, you're honest.

MITTY

(impulsively)

Jude, don't leave. I mean, don't leave me. If you do, I
have the terrible feeling you'd never come back. I don't
want to lose you, but I can't run off with you. I'm not
ready. Not this summer. Maybe next.

(She flings herself into his
arms)

JUDE
(almost surprised)
You do love me. Why?

MITTY
It's against my better nature.
(SHE kisses him)
Next summer.

(MITTY feels she has solved that problem. And, of course, she has won. JUDE sits and she starts for the house. And then, unknowingly, she says the two sentences that are her downfall)

On the way to town, I noticed some barns needed painting.
You might inquire about them.
(She leaves him, dismayed and defeated.

He feels trapped. He picks up a paint brush. His eyes - and his thoughts - go to EMMA's portrait. Escape. He starts to paint, and loses himself in his work.

Time passes, the lights change to primrose, the time after sunset, when sounds seem to carry forever.

LABE comes in from his chores, tired and hot. He sees JUDE painting, and stops for a moment)

LABE
That woman on that animal - where'd you get that idea?

JUDE
It's not mine. That come from Italy.

LABE
(wistfully)
Italy. That's another place I'm never going to get to.

(LABE heads for the house. JUDE's eyes follow him. He sees a man, a workhorse with a nagging wife, and it gives him the terrors.

LABE happens to glance toward the sky)

LABE
Whup! Shootin' star. Make a wish.

PHINEAS
I swore I wouldn't excite myself.

DORINDA
What talk?

PHINEAS
Lamkin talk. There, I said it.

(It obviously means nothing to them.
They look blank)

Lamkin's out and loose, and lusting up the countryside. But there, no more!

DORINDA
No! We must know. Who is he?

PHINEAS
Who knows? He could be anyone. Anywhere. Sometimes he's been sighted in two places at once.

DORINDA
Split-offs!

MITTY
(firmly)
Nonsense!

PHINEAS
Of course it is! No one can be in more'n one place at one time.

(peering at DORINDA)
Can they?

DORINDA
Can they?

PHINEAS
Well, that's the question. More'n once, people have come up to me and said, I seen you downstreet - and I've said, why no - I've been to home three whole days. So - who was it they seen? Was there a part of me out roamin round, unbeknownst to the other half - or had someone come in - and run off with the physical part of me while I wasn't lookin?

(sharply to DORINDA)
That ever happened to you?

DORINDA
Oh, yes. People are always seein' me everywhere, and I never go anywhere.

PHINEAS
That's all right so long as you don't meet yourself. You know what happens then, don't you?

DORINDA
(knowing, shuddering)
Don't say it. Don't say it!

LABE
(curious)
What?

PHINEAS
Death!

DORINDA
He said it!

MITTY
I don't believe a word of such things.

PHINEAS
Nor do I - except for that Ipswich woman.

DORINDA
What about her?

PHINEAS
Well - there was no reason for her to lie - she was a churchgoer, and made good pies - and it was she who told me about Lamkin. One night, her husband went downstairs. He didn't come back, and she went down - there she was, standing in her nightgown on the first landing when she saw him - half a hunk of blueberry pie still in his hands. She declared he was the handsomest thing she ever laid her aging eyes on. Blazing eyes - kind of roughed up looking. She said he glittered with good health and bad morals. Just at the sight of him, she felt her virtue shaken so - but I've said enough.

DORINDA
No, you haven't.

PHINEAS
(encouraged)
Well, his style is to get into your good graces, and go off with your china. Or worse.

DORINDA
What could be worse?

PHINEAS
He abducts the prettiest girl around.

DORINDA
Oh, dear.

PHINEAS
Why, if he laid a finger on you, you could almost hear the flesh sizzle.

DORINDA

Mercy!

PHINEAS

He'd show no mercy. And before you knew it, you'd be bedded down in a field, with no shelter but the arms of that highway-man. And then, one day, awake to find the laughter slipped right out of your life. And then, what would become of you?

DORINDA

I don't know.

PHINEAS

You'd be ruined, and abandoned, all because of those blazing eyes. Think of that.

(DORINDA does just that. JUDE has come up with the cider, and now stands hard by the DEACON SHARP)

JUDE

(softly)

Cider, Deacon?

PHINEAS

(shrieking)

Hoo!

DORINDA

(infected)

Hoo!

PHINEAS

He does sneak up on you! Scared me half to death.

(pantomimes a cat-like movement to DORINDA, who understands)

JUDE

Do you want some cider for your nerves?

PHINEAS

Just a mite.

JUDE

(pouring)

A dab?

PHINEAS

(precising)

A dollop.

(turning to MITTY, and starting in on her)

Which, is why I never let peddlers in the door. Who knows what they might turn out to be. I don't approve of peddlers, do you - Missus?

(MITTY, not wanting to spoil a sale, keeps silent)

PHINEAS

(unrelenting)

Do you?

MITTY

(defensively)

My husband is a painter.

PHINEAS

Your husband? Of course. That's why I'm here. I saw the sign.

(sizing him up)

Well, he looks good and strong - for a painter. That's good. I'll need a strong man.

MITTY

What did you have in mind?

PHINEAS

An overmantel for the vestry, first.

MITTY

First?

PHINEAS

Oh my, there's a great deal to be done. The church is in sad shape. The steeple needs a coat of paint.

(sharply)

Your husband doesn't just paint little posy pictures, does he?

MITTY

I'm sure he can paint anything.

PHINEAS

Good. The whole church could use a good covering. And the fence needs work. A whole side is missing. He carpenters? And there's been some bothersome bees in the belfry. Oh, there's enough to keep him busy all summer.

MITTY

(delighted)

You hear that, Jude?

JUDE

(too quietly)

I been takin it all in.

PHINEAS

(ending his categories)

And, our gravedigger died.

MITTY

(happily)

Jude, show him some of your work.

JUDE

(rising)
Well, I been diggin' down by the river.

MITTY

(severly)
Jude! Your pictures!

PHINEAS

Does he have anything of a Biblical nature?

JUDE

Well, you're sitting on the Graden of Eden.

(Even PHINEAS is startled by that)

And that's Eve by your elbow.

(PHINEAS moves as if he's been
burnt, then turns to MITTY)

PHINEAS

Is your husband Congregationalist?

MITTY

Why, I don't know.

PHINEAS

Don't know. You married him.

DORINDA

(putting in her opinion)
She didn't know a thing about him.

PHINEAS

It's better to find these things out beforehand - especially
with strangers. My sister was to marry once, but it would
have worked poorly. The man was from out of state - and
Baptist - and married.

(warmly)

Well, thank your stars you found a good substantial man - by
the looks of him. Why, who knows? You could have ended up
with a peddler!

(turning to DORINDA)

And there's no changing peddlers, is there?

DORINDA

No, indeed.

PHINEAS

We know Human Nature, don't we, Missus?

DORINDA

Yes, we do. But I've Said My Last Word on That Subject.
I've said - Mitty -

(DORINDA sings, PHINEAS takes over
and feeds the flames of her fire,
while LABE punctuates with a "Yep"
or "Ayuh")

DORINDA (Cont'd)

YOU CAN LAUNDER HIM, LATHER HIM
SEW AND TUCK AND GATHER HIM
NEEDLE HIM AND MEND HIM
BUT STILL THERE'LL BE A TEAR
AND PATCHES HERE AND THERE
NO MATTER HOW YOU DARN AND SNIP!
FOR YOU CAN'T MAKE A FRONT PORCH FELLA
OUT OF A BACK DOOR RIP!

PHINEAS

YOU CAN SURREY HIM, HARRY HIM
MINISTER AND MARRY HIM
VESPER HIM, AND CHURCH HIM
BUT STILL THERE'LL BE AN AIR
OF DEVILMENT SOMEWHERE
THE MOMENT THAT HE LEAVES THE PEW
FOR YOU CAN'T MAKE A SUNDAY DINNER
OUT OF A SLAP-DASH STEW.

DORINDA

THOUGH YOUR AIM IS IN RECLAIMING HIM
IT'S A SHAME HE WON'T STAY SAVED
AND THAT RING ON YOUR FINGER
DON'T MEAN THAT HE'LL LINGER
AS LONG AS THE TROUBLE HE'LL BRING.

PHINEAS AND DORINDA

YOU CAN PARLOR HIM, SLIPPER HIM
COLLAR, CLIP, AND SKIPPER HIM
TETHER HIM, AND COW HIM
BUT STILL HE'LL SLIP THE NOOSE
TO CUT OUT WIDE AND LOOSE
AND YOU'LL BE BACK WHERE YOU BEGAN
FOR YOU CAN'T MAKE A FRONT PORCH FELLA
OUT OF A BACK DOOR MAN!

A-MEN!

(DORINDA, all her suspicions now out
in the open, announces open defiance)

DORINDA

Labé, I want you in the kitchen! I'm going to Count the
Silver!

(They leave)

JUDE

That was a spirited defense you put up, Mitty.

MITTY

(brushing everything else aside)
You have a job now.

JUDE

I didn't say I'd take it.

MITTY

Of course you'll take it. Who could refuse?

JUDE

I could.

MITTY

Well, you can't...

JUDE

I can. I'm not your hired hand.

MITTY

Of course not. A hired hand earns his keep.

(SHE has gone too far, in her
anger. But she doesn't re-
tract it. JUDE looks at her,
stunned)

JUDE

You're ashamed of me.

MITTY

(blurting out)
I Will Not Be a Peddler's Wife!

JUDE

(angry)
No, you won't be.

PHINEAS

(happily)
Well, I guess I can turn my collar round now.

MITTY

(bewildered)
You mean, you're not a Deacon.

PHINEAS

Not consistently.

MITTY

You tricked me.
(to JUDE)
You put him up to this.

JUDE

No.

MITTY

You didn't stop him.

JUDE

No.

MITTY

(blazing)

You wanted to be off. Well, be off, both of you. I'm not goin to hold on to you. I couldn't if I wanted to. You didn't have to come here and trick me and shame me.

PHINEAS

(delicately)
I think I'll just say goodbye to your folks.

(PHINEAS heads to kitchen.
She stops him)

MITTY

I talk straight, Mr. Sharp.

PHINEAS

So I see.

MITTY

I don't care for you.

PHINEAS

And well you shouldn't. ~~There's~~ We're cat and dog, Mrs. Scribner. You want home and hearth to sit by - while I want no less than the whole world to walk in. And we both get what we want.

(He goes into the kitchen.
MITTY and JUDE stand and
look at each other)

MITTY
It won't work, will it? I tried to hold you, but I can't.

JUDE
I'll be back.

MITTY
No, this isn't anything to continue. Not the way it is. We'd always be fussin' each other. I guess love just isn't enough to get us through our lives. Well, then, you'd better go.

JUDE
You do make up your mind sudden.

MITTY
When I have to.

JUDE
That's that, then.
(pause)
How do you feel?

MITTY
(surprised)
Relieved. And you?

JUDE
Kind of free. I didn't think it would be so easy.

MITTY
It might not have been - later on.

JUDE
I guess we ought to be thankful.

MITTY
Yes, that's the word.

(There is a great deal of bitterness underlying her words, but she promised JUDE he'd never see her cry, and he won't.)

LET ME BE THANKFUL
YOU'RE OFF AND AWAY
NEVER REGRETTING
ONE SWEET YESTERDAY
ALL ON YOUR OWN NOW
AND OUT ON THE TOWN
NO ONE TO CARE
WEIGHING YOU DOWN.

LET ME BE GRATEFUL
YOU'VE GAINED YOUR PLEASURE
LEAVING NO SORROW
DISTURBING THE PEACE

MITTY (Cont'd)

LEAVING NO WORRY
TO CLOUD UP THE MIND
NO ONE TO CARE
WAITING BEHIND.

NO ONE TO WORRY, AND NO ONE TO CARE
WHATEVER YOU DO NOW IS NO ONE'S AFFAIR!

LET ME BE HAPPY
I FOUND OUT IN TIME
LOVE IS A PLEASURE
AND MARRIAGE A CRIME
GO ON YOUR WAY NOW, BE OFF ON YOUR SPREE
ALL THAT I ASK IS...LET ME BE!

(JUDE can't hold himself in any
longer.)

JUDE

Gladly. I'm more thankful than you are.

I'LL NOT BE REPENTANT, REDEEMED OR REFORMED
REFINED OR REFINISHED, RESTORED OR REARMED
REPROVED OR REPOLISHED - SOME PARLOR DELIGHT
PUT IN MY PLACE - SATURDAY NIGHT!

I'LL NOT BE RESTRICTED BY RULES AND RESTRAINTS
AND I'M NOT ADDICTED TO PURITAN SAINTS
I'LL NOT LET SOME WOMAN WHO'S PROPER AND PRIM
TURN EVERY WALTZ - INTO A HYMN!

I'M OFF TO ADVENTURE, I'M OFF ON A TEAR!

MITTY

WHEREVER YOU'RE OFF TO, YOU WON'T TAKE ME THERE!

LET ME BE HONEST, FOR HONEST I AM -

JUDE

BE WHAT YOU WANT TO - I DON'T GIVE A DAMN

MITTY

WITH THAT KIND OF LANGUAGE, DON'T USE IT ON ME

BOTH

ALL THAT I ASK IS - LET ME BE!

(JUDE slams out, leaving MITTY
alone.)

PHINEAS ENTERS, INNOCENTLY.)

PHINEAS

Left you, did he?

MITTY

I sent him.

PHINEAS

Sensible. Kept your pride and dropped your peddler. He didn't take anythin, did he?

MITTY

What fool would be taken in by your tales?

(DORINDA streams in, alive with indignation, followed by a dazed LABE)

DORINDA

Two forks gone! What did I say? I said, Open Your Door To a Stranger, and You'll Rue the Day.

LABE

You said no such thing.

DORINDA

I don't say all I know.

(And back out they go, to check locks and bolts)

MITTY

(coldly)

What are you waiting for? You made your trouble.

PHINEAS

The trouble was here. He'd have gone in time, or you'd have sent him. You don't want each other the way you are. But the way you are is why you want each other. That just won't work out.

I want to thank you for the warmth of your hospitality.

MITTY

(as he's leaving)

One question, Mr. Sharp. Are you lonely?

PHINEAS

For nothing company could cure. Goodnight.

(And he leaves. MITTY is alone and furious. She would like to cry, but she's too angry. She starts to tidy, bullies a couple of pillows. There is the sound of her theme - the insistent march. Finally she yells to DORINDA)

Tomorrow we'll air out the house! Summer's Coming!

BLACKOUT

ACT ONEScene 6

JUDE, alone on the road - free.

JUDE

I'M FEELIN LIGHT AS AIR
AND GOOD AS NEW
FOR I'VE DISCOVERED
THERE'S A FEATHER
TICKLING IN MY SHOE

THE WEIGHT I FELT IS GONE,
MY WORRIES TOO
FOR I'VE DISCOVERED THERE'S
A FEATHER TICKLING IN MY SHOE

AND I CAN WALK AT WILL
AND WANDER TILL
THE DAY I WALK NO MORE

AND TEN FEET OFF THE GROUND
I'LL ROAM AROUND
WITH NO ONE CARING
WHERE I'M BOUND.

MY SPIRIT'S SOARING HIGH
I LIKE THE VIEW
FOR I'VE DISCOVERED
THERE'S A FEATHER
TICKLING IN MY SHOE

I'M BOUND FOR WHO KNOWS WHERE
NOW, YOU COME TOO
AND YOU'LL DISCOVER
THERE'S A FEATHER
TICKLING IN..... YOUR..... SHOE.

(JUDE is over to one side of the stage. PHINEAS appears at the other. They do not see each other, because the road is filling up. All the peddlers appear)

JUDE AND PHINEAS

(simultaneously)

THE TINKER, THE TINMAN
THEIR PANS BLAZING SILVER
THE WALKERS AND TALKERS
THE DROVERS AND PACKMEN
THE FIDDLERS AND FOOTPADS
THE CIRCUS AND SIDE SHOWS
THE TOWNS AND THE TAVERNS
THE GREAT CARAVAN

LIKE SWALLOWS IN SUMMER
THEY WON'T LAST FOREVER
SO COME ON AND JOIN THEM
AS LONG AS YOU CAN.

(The air is filled with the various
cries. Swatches of material are un-
folded. They hawk their goods
either straight out front, or
perhaps using one woman - and she's
handed from one to another)

TINKER

I sell things for nothin. Nothin sells like my things.

DANCING MASTER

New steps from Boston. The Two Step the Shottische.

CLOCK SELLER

Clocks, all clocks, good clocks, new clocks, need-no-repair-
clocks.

CLOCK MENDER

Fix clocks, I fix clocks, I fix good-as-new clocks.

FIDDLER

Four tunes for a quarter, as good as they come
Two tunes made for dancing, and two just to hum

DENTIST

Teeth pulled. No pain.

PEDDLER

(with cloth)

Fine lace and new linens.

(PHINEAS approaches him)

PHINEAS

Competition's fierce.

(addressing the peddler)

You come from Otisfield?

PEDDLER

That's right.

PHINEAS

How's the plague?

PEDDLER

Twarn't no plague in Otisfield!

PHINEAS

Twouldn't contaminate the cloth anyway.
(patting a little boy on the head)
Hello, youngster.

In Otisfield, the babies were dropping like flies. Say, that black'd be fine for funerals. You feelin' fainty, Missus? I got just the thing for you.

(PHINEAS leads her away. Now on JUDE's side, a PHOTOGRAPHER is posing another lady, stiffly while JUDE watches)

PHOTOGRAPHER

Your likeness, new process - we call it a tintype. Just stand here, don't move now - now hold it.

JUDE

Missus, you got a hole in your sleeve.

(to PHOTOGRAPHER)

That'll show up nice and clear, won't it? Ain't that a miracle! Everything shows up. Don't be scared when that machine makes a big bang. It won't hurt you...

(to PHOTOGRAPHER)

Will it?

That's right, missus. You come over here in the shade, and I'll fix you a likeness. What color dress you want?

(And off they go. More selling, more hawking. Gradually the peddlers leave, and there is JUDE and PHINEAS trying to sell things to each other. Then they recognize each other)

PHINEAS

Thought you'd lost me?

JUDE

No.

PHINEAS

I can see the worry on your face. Well, stop searching. I'm here.

JUDE

I'm not worried about you. I'm tired. I sleep, but I don't get any rest. I paint pictures, and the eyes always turn out the same. Cows, dogs, horses, they all got her eyes.

PHINEAS

(simply)

I had a wife once.

JUDE

Where is she now?

PHINEAS

Gone. One day, one fall, she just lost heart and died.

So they told me.

(giving her an epitaph)

She was a good girl.

(smiling at JUDE)

It's simple. You're haunted.

JUDE

(laughing)

You believe in that?

PHINEAS

I believe in everything.

(smiling)

It's my business.

(more seriously)

We're all haunted. By everything. Take this day - this smell of the woods. Someday - no matter where you are, or what you've become - in cellar or stable or attic - maybe a thousand miles from here - you'll close your eyes, and you will see this day - smell its sweetness, and it will come back to haunt you. There's no other word for it.

Oh, there's so many things to do in this world, you go half-crazy not knowing what to choose. And whatever you choose, you'll be sorry for what you didn't.

It's like the faraway. Faraway is wherever you're not, whatever you haven't.

IT'S ALWAYS THE PICTURE YOU NEVER QUITE PAINT
THE FACE YOU NEVER QUITE SEE
IT'S ALWAYS THE ROAD YOU NEVER CAN TAKE
THE MAN YOU NEVER CAN BE.

WHY IS IT SO? I DON'T KNOW
IT'S JUST THE WAY WE HAVE TO GO.

PHINEAS (Cont'd)

JOHN, JOHN, THE PIPER'S SON
GROWED UP QUICK AND MARRIED YOUNG
HEADED FOR THE SETTING SUN
OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY,

HOW FAR AWAY IS FAR AWAY?
ALMOST AS CLOSE AS YESTERDAY
HOW FAR AWAY IS FAR AWAY
NEAR AS TOMORROW.

JOHN JOHN THE PIPER'S SON
HAD A WIFE AND THEN HAD NONE
STILL HE SOUGHT THE SETTING SUN
OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY.

JOHN, JOHN, THE PIPER'S SON
HAD A LIFE, AND WHEN IT'S DONE
BACK HE GOES, WHERE HE BEGUN
OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY. (repeat chorus)

(breaking his own mood)

Come on. Do I have to show you everything? How would you
get on without me? First, we have to loose that witch that's
got a hold of you. You know how to do that?

JUDE

No.

PHINEAS

Cross running water. Works every time.

JUDE

That don't make sense.

PHINEAS

You don't cure dreams with sense. Come on!

(Some loggers appear on a log
boom. PHINEAS yells to them)

Halloo.

LOGGERS

Halloo.

PHINEAS

Where you headed?

LOGGERS

Downriver. Hop on.

(JUDE and PHINEAS DO. The music
starts. As they ride down river,
different scenes flash by -

1-6-64

scene of New England that JUDE
would paint, and PHINEAS imagine -
out of proportion, bigger than
life, joyous.)

ALL

COME ON.

COME ALL YOU LOGGIN' FELLERS
WHEREVER YOU MAY BE
YOU KNOW THE NORTHERN FOREST
AIN'T MUCH FOR COMPANY
YOU SPEND THE WINTER SAWIN'
AND SAVIN' UP YOUR PAY
AND GO TO TOWN AND BLOW IT
ON THE FIRST WARM DAY.

The girls say:
HELLO JACK, NOW DON'T BE SLOW!
WON'T YOU BE MY DEARIE-O?
BUT WHEN YOU'VE GONE AND SPENT YOUR DOUGH
IT'S GET UP JACK! AND SIT DOWN, JOE!

YOU RIDE THE ROLLIN' RIVER
YOU RIDE IT RIGHT ON DOWN
AND THEN YOU MAKE A LANDING
AND WANDER INTO TOWN
AND HEAD FOR MOTHER DIXON'S
WHERE MONEY MELTS AWAY
LIKE SNOW UPON THE ROOF TOPS
ON THAT FIRST WARM DAY.

Those girls say:
HELLO JACK, NOW DON'T BE SLOW, etc.

THE WINDOWS THEY HAVE CURTAINS
THE LADIES, THEY CAN DANCE
THE MEN HAD LOTS OF MONEY
STICKING IN THEIR PANTS
THEY COME TO TOWN AND BLEW IT
A WHOLE LONG WINTER'S PAY
MY, BOYS, THERE'S NOTHIN' TO IT
ON THAT FIRST WARM DAY!

HELLO JACK, NOW DON'T BE SLOW, etc.

NOW, ALL YOU LOGGIN' FELLERS
AS LONG AS YOU BE MEN,
NEXT SEASON YOU'LL BE DOIN'
THE SAME THING ONCE AGAIN
YOU'LL SPEND THE WINTER SAWIN'
AND SAVIN' UP YOUR PAY
TO SPEND ON FIFTEEN MINUTES
OF THAT FIRST WARM DAY!

ALL (Cont'd)
HELLO JACK, NOW DON'T BE SLOW, etc.

(As they reach the town, they throw out ropes to hook on to docks, and they pull in the next set - on one side the town, and the other FAUCETT's tavern.

A factory whistle blows, and girls march out, dressed in grey factory uniforms. The LOGGERS are stunned.

ANNE! FIRST

NELLIE! SECOND

BETSY! THIRD

KATE! FOURTH

(KATE stops in front of him.)

What? KATE

Don't you remember me? FOURTH

Yes. KATE

(firmly)
We don't do that anymore.

(The LOGGERS are very brought down by the collapse of their dream. PHINEAS looks at JUDE, and they decide to go into action.)

JUDE
(positively glittering)
Then, what's the use of summer?

PHINEAS
(in mock horror)
Ruby!

(The girls pick this up, and collapse - or at least their morals collapse.

There is a bachanal, a New England

stomp. At the climax, PHINEAS shoos them all away.

A churchbell rings - twice.)

PHINEAS

(happily)

Eight o'clock on a midsummer's night - and all's well!

(At these words, EMMA FAUCETT is revealed, sitting in her rocker, on her porch, watching JUDE - who is standing alone, panting from his exertions.

This is obviously Ruby Lamkin, and EMMA goes to work - or as close as she ever gets to work. She lifts her skirts to let a little air in.

PHINEAS watches, to see that JUDE and EMMA are properly transfixed, and then he exits.

EMMA and JUDE stare at each other. Then he makes up his mind. He starts forward to embrace her.)

EMMA

Ain't it hot?

(She's obviously willing.

At that moment, we hear - as does JUDE - the rat-a-tat-tat of a drum which is MITTY's motif, and that freezes JUDE in his tracks as

THE CURTAIN FALLS

ACT TWO

Scene 1

The setting is the same as at the end of the first act. Except for one thing. The moon has started to rise, and the reflection of the light on the water has caused the shadows to dance. It becomes increasingly hard to tell reality from fantasy.

EMMA and JUDE occupy two rockers on the porch of the tavern. The rest of the stage is shadowy, but one gets the feel and smell of summer roses, hay and wet fields, the flicker of heat lightning and distant thunder. Heat, mists, fogs, mountains - the shadowy side of us all. The New England "moonglade" where dreams and visions are born and exist.

EMMA waits for her highwayman to act the bold seducer. JUDE, however, is still stunned by the fact that he is literally haunted by MITTY. Therefore, it takes him some to get going.

EMMA

(after a long silence)

Don't.

JUDE

Don't what?

EMMA

Don't do that to me. Don't stare at me so.

(looking about)

Oh, the moon's comin' up. I hate the way it makes me feel. Or maybe it ain't the moon. Maybe it's you. I've heard about those blazin' eyes - to bend a woman to your will.

(languidly)

I shouldn't be sittin here - so discombobulated.

EMMA (Cont'd)
(making no effort to move)
But it's too hot to move my limbs. Ain't it?

JUDE
(distractedly)
Ain't it what?

EMMA
AIN'T IT HOT?

JUDE
JUST A BIT.
CARE TO WALK?

EMMA
DRUTHER SIT
IT SEEMS I JUST AIN'T UP TO IT.

JUDE
What?

EMMA
Walkin.

I'D RATHER DO WHAT I DO BEST

JUDE
What's that?

EMMA
ROCKIN'
DO YOU ROCK?

JUDE
YES, I DO.

EMMA
AIN'T THAT NICE?
I DO TOO
DON'T YOU FIND
THAT ROCKIN' TENDS TO LOOSEN THE MIND.

(They are both rocking in rhythm)

JUDE
DAY AND NIGHT?

EMMA
HERE AND THERE

JUDE
ANY TIME

EMMA

ANYWHERE
FOR I FIND
THAT ROCKIN'S HOW
I'M KIND OF INCLINED.

AFTER BREAKFAST EVERY DAY I ROCK AWAY
AFTERNOONS AS WELL, I TEND TO GET A ROCKIN' SPELL
NIGHTS, WHILE OTHERS SIT AND KNIT
I SIT TO SIT... AND ROCK A BIT

JUDE

THAT FILLS YOUR TIME IN NICE AND NEAT

EMMA

YES, ALL DAY LONG I'M OFF MY FEET.

JUDE

RAIN OR SHINE?

EMMA

SUN OR SHADE
GUESS THAT'S JUST
HOW I'M MADE
FOR I TAKE GREAT STOCK IN ROCKIN.

WHEN THE SUMMER SCORCHERS HIT
I PORCH A BIT
IN THE WINTER'S GLOOM
I FIND A HANDY ROCKIN' ROOM
WHAT I'M WONDERIN' WAS
DOES THAT PROVE OR NOT
I MOVE A LOT?

JUDE

WHY, GLORY BE, I GET THE NOTION
ALL YEAR LONG YOU KEEP IN MOTION

EMMA AND JUDE

(alternating)

WE COULD FIND
SOMEPLACE WHERE
WE COULD GO
IF YOU'D CARE
TO CONTINUE

JUDE

Talkin?

EMMA

ROCKIN!

(JUDE starts towards EMMA, when he
is stopped by a vision. MITTY
appears in the door, wearing apron,

wielding broom. EMMA looks around
and says)

EMMA

Evening, Silas.

MITTY

Ain't it!

EMMA

Ain't it what?

MITTY

(giving a last vicious sweep in
JUDE's direction)

Evening! Hot?

(She is gone. JUDE is thunder-
struck)

EMMA

(seeing his paralysis)

What's the matter?

JUDE

(collapsing in rocker)

I got to sit down.

EMMA

(understandingly)

Wal, every bad man has to, once in a while.

(They sit, almost frozen, as the
people of the town start drifting
in. The people are almost shadows
in the dark, and they are restless.
They seem to be wandering - but ex-
pectant, too.

PHINEAS enters. He practically glides
across the stage. His ear is cocked.
He's listening for something. There
is a sound of distant thunder)

PHINEAS

(happily)

Thunder!

(looking around at the dancing lights,
he adds significantly)

Moonlight!

(The CROWD hears him. The seeds of
something are planted)

(The HSERIFF comes on, sees PHINEAS,
and with the Law's nose for Peddlers,
comes right over)

SHERIFF
You there Peddler. What you doin now?

PHINEAS
(with dignity)
I am talking about the weather.

SHERIFF
(suspiciously)
Yes? What are you savin?

PHINEAS
(ominously)
Thunder!
Moonlight!

(There is an obliging rumble of
thunder, and a murmur from the
people)

SHERIFF
Quiet!

PHINEAS
Certainly.
(whispering)
Thunder!
Moonlight!

(The crowd starts to whisper -
thunder, moonlight)

WOMAN
(over the chanting)
I don't like this one little bit.

2ND WOMAN
Don't you? I'm havin such a good time.

WOMAN
This heat! I can't get my breath.

2ND WOMAN
Spirits have sucked up all the air. So my mother said. God
rest her soul.

(The chanting grows)

MAN
Somethin's bound to happen. A two-headed calf was born last
night.

SHERIFF

(shouting)
Superstitions!

PHINEAS

You don't believe in 'em?

SHERIFF

Nossir, and I never been sick a day in my life - knock on wood.

(protesting)
You got people seein' things!

PHINEAS

I hope so!

There's so much to see, if we just close our eyes,

Bluebells in a graveyard... foxes on the sabbath... frost on a frogpond... North winds in the morning...

(The people take up this chant,
along with thunder and moonlight.
There is a rhythm going)

SHERIFF

(trying to stop it)
Stop it! You're just makin something out of nothing!

PHINEAS

The best way. Tunder-- moonlight!

SHERIFF

Stop.

PHINEAS

I can't stop it. Go on. Deny what's right in front of your eyes - but lunatics will still rattle their chains, and the rest of us will still get - spell-bound.

(SILAS appears with FAUCETT
in the wheelchair, rifle at the
ready)

SILAS

(loudly)
Evening, sheriff. I'm takin Mr. Faucett down by the river, so's he can shoot his breakfast. We'll be hard by the river's edge, close enough to hear, should we scream for help.

FAUCETT

If I spy a night hawk, I'll blarst him with this!

(He brandishes the shotgun, and shoots. The Moon disappears and it is very dark)

VOICE

He shot out the Moon!

FAUCETT

(as the moon reappears)

Cloud on the Moon

Someone goes soon.

(cackling)

Watch it, Silas.

SILAS

(jumping)

What?

FAUCETT

That's an old one. My mother rocked me to sleep with that.
"Cloud on the Moon, Someone goes soon."

(The Crowd picks that up and starts chanting it along with the other sayings. SILAS has rolled FAUCETT off. We hear FAUCETT's voice in the distance)

Roll me down, you ding-blasted, prick-eared, do-nothin' limb of Satan.

(The SHERIFF has had enough. This is going to get out of control)

SHERIFF

All right. I've had enough. Get out. And take your friend with you.

PHINEAS

What friend?

SHERIFF

The one you came in with.

PHINEAS

You mean the stranger sitting on the porch with Emma Faucett. Why, I don't know him.

(passing out Broadsides to the crowd)

Here, have a broadside. I can't read in this light.

(to SHERIFF)

I tell you, Sheriff. Why don't you find out who he is? He might be dangerous.

PHINEAS (Cont'd)
 (to a passing lady)
 I can make change in just a minute.

SHERIFF
 You on the porch. What are you up to?

(There is silence from that section)

PHINEAS
 I'd say he was up to no good.
 (to WOMAN)
 What does it say?

WOMAN
 It mentions blazin eyes.

PHINEAS
 Accurate. Do those look like blazin' eyes. Cat-like movement?

WOMAN
 I can't tell. He's sitting down.

PHINEAS
 I'd nab him, Sheriff. Something tells me there's your Ruby Lamkin.

SHERIFF
 Why? What's in it for me?

PHINEAS
 It says here there's two hundred dollars reward for the capture of Ruby Lamkin.

SHERIFF
 (all business)
 All right, there. Get off the porch. And come here. You're under arrest.

JUDE
 (coming to life)
 For what?

SHERIFF
 For littering. For loitering. Trespassing. Peddling.

JUDE
 You come and get me - if you can.

SHERIFF
 I think I can.

JUDE

I guess you won't.

WOMAN

(fainting)

Ruby.

PHINEAS

That's a vote of confidence.

(The chanting continues. The crowd is stirred. They want some action. JUDE supplies them with some)

JUDE

WATCH OUT AHEAD
 LOOK OUT BELOW
 I'M A REAL RIP SNORTER
 AND I'M RARIN TO GO
 THE WAY I FEEL TONIGHT
 THERE AIN'T A THING THAT I CAN'T DO
 AND THE WAY I FEEL TONIGHT
 I FEEL LIKE COMIN' AFTER... YOU

(SHERIFF backs up)

I'M A REAL RIP SNORTER
 AND I'M OUT ON A TEAR
 AND ANYWHERE THAT YOU GO
 YOU KNOW YOU'RE BOUND TO FIND ME THERE

I'M AS QUICK AS SUMMER LIGHTNING
 FASTER THAN A CAT!
 AND ONCE I GRAB A HOLD OF YOU
 YOU WON'T KNOW WHERE YOU'RE AT.

WATCH OUT AHEAD
 LOOK OUT BELOW
 I'M A BORN TORNADO
 AND I'M STARTIN TO BLOW

LIGHTNING IN MY FINGERS
 THUNDER IN MY FIST
 AND IF I WANT TO KISS A GIRL
 A GIRL IS GONNA KNOW THAT SHE'S BEEN KISSED.

FOR I CAN OUT DANCE, OUT RUN, OUTWIT, OUT STARE OUT FIGHT
 ANY MAN ALIVE
 NO MAN CAN OUT DANCE, OUT RUN, OUTWIT, OUTFIT ME AND STILL
 SURVIVE!

SO WATCH OUT AHEAD
 LOOK OUT BELOW
 I'M A RED HOT POKER
 AND I'M STARTIN TO GLOW

JUDE (Cont'd)

THE WAY I FEEL TONIGHT
THERE AIN'T A THING THAT I CAN'T DO
AND THE WAY I FEEL TONIGHT
I FEEL LIKE COMIN' AFTER...

(He picks up the compliant EMMA
and leaps off the porch)

YOU!

(He's gone, leaving the populace
stunned - except for the SHERIFF)

PHINEAS

Who's in charge here?

MAN

The Sheriff?

PHINEAS

He's the man who let him get away. You need leadership.

MAN

Who?

PHINEAS

(assuming command)

First! Lock Up the Ladies. (I've dealt with this kind of
business before). Then lock up the silver and valuables -
better still, put it in one place. And give some responsible
fellow the key. And then -

(suddenly)

Where's the militia?

SECOND MAN

There's our Arms and Pife Group. We meet once a month and
practice some. We could get organized.

PHINEAS

That's the word. Organize! The Dedham panic of 68 - a moon-
lit night like this - That was the reason for the massacre.
No organization. Women ran 20 miles with the cat, only to
find they'd left the baby to home. Oh, terrible. So,
organize. Lock Up the Ladies. Get Your Weapons. Form
Double Lines. Straight backs. Forward March!

(All have a purpose to their lives now.
The men march off with the women, rape
and abduction the first thing on every-
one's mind.

PHINEAS is alone now, and reveling in
this night)

No boundaries. No limits. And no telling how far things
will go.

(He goes to a rocker and plumps him-
self down)

I am a happy man. It's good to have this activity going on.
(a clap of thunder)

Thunder. Darkness. Moonlight. I wouldn't live in a world that
had no thunder, no fierce summer storms - or where night never
came. Without all that, what a piece of granite this world
would be.

PHINEAS (Cont'd)

(Now he zeroes in to get us
involved in his stories)

Oh, there's no such thing as spells, of course. Nor apparitions. I've said that many a time by the light of day. And I'm sure you folks always answer that Midnight Knock - without giving it a second thought. That creaking Door is just the house settling. There's no spirits, no haunts. Eh? Eh?

Well, look at these hills, as far away as the moon, and look at the moon, as far away as the end of your life - look, and tell me whether we ever get free of this earth forever?

(The music has started,
as drone, like bees)

The fate of the world is strung on a wire as slender as the droning of a fly.

Listen.

(A sound - is it voices)

No town around is too many years or too many miles from Salem.

(He sings to us, an hypnotic
song, almost in a monotone)

THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN
ALL SKIN AND BONES
WHO WENT TO THE CHURCHYARD
ALL ALONE
OH, SHE LOOKED UP
AND SHE LOOKED DOWN
SHE SAW A CORPSE
LIE ON THE GROUND
FATHER, FATHER, SO S
S O SHE SAID
WILL I LOOK SO
WHEN I AM DEAD
THE SEXTON TO HER
MADE REPLY
YES, MY DARLING
BY AND BY...

(PHINEAS sees something and screams.
It is real fright.

Then we see what he sees: It is
MITTY)

You gave me a turn.

MITTY

You believe your own tales. You got this whole town upset, and now I guess you're satisfied. You look satisfied.

PHINEAS

I didn't expect to see you.

MITTY

I'm looking for my husband.

PHINEAS

You walked quite a ways, didn't you?

MITTY

Not too far. We live only over the hill.

PHINEAS

Over the - ?

MITTY

We ain't met. I'm Mrs. Burnap, the Sheriff's wife.

PHINEAS

Are you playing my game?

MITTY

I don't know. What is it?

PHINEAS

Are you a spook?

MITTY

(Offended)

Ain't that personal?

PHINEAS

What are you doin here?

MITTY

We got a calf that's sick at home. I come to tell him, but he's traipsin around and I can't find him. Oh, here he is.

(SHERIFF comes on, very busy)

Abel, the calf's sick - and I want you home.

SHERIFF

(Distracted)

Yes, dear. I'll be home. Now you git goin.

MITTY

Give me a kiss first.

(SHERIFF kisses her distractedly.
He leaves. She looks triumphantly
at PHINEAS)

PHINEAS

(Admiring, half-believing, delighted
with her anyway)

Well, I don't know. I really don't know.

MITTY

He wants me inside, but I don't want to be. Time was when I didn't want to stir.

PHINEAS

You seem like a practical girl.

MITTY

Save your flattery. I'm fifty three.

PHINEAS

Not in this light.

MITTY

Nothing seems the same in this light, that's true. I don't feel like myself. I look off at the hills, and the river and strange things come to my mind.

PHINEAS

Like what?

MITTY

WOMEN ARE SOLEMN
WOMEN ARE GLAD
WOMEN, LIKE APPLES
ARE BOTH GOOD AND BAD

WOMEN ARE VARIED
ANGRY AND SWEET
WRETCHED AND REGAL
WITH RUGS AT THEIR FEET

WOMEN NEED LOVING
WOMEN NEED MEN
THEY NEED COMFORTING (TIME)
TIME AND AGAIN

SHOW ME A WOMAN
SAD AS A STONE
I'LL SHOW YOU THE WOMAN
WITH NO CHILD OF HER OWN

Why should I think that
I HAVE FIVE
OF MY OWN
THE LAST ALMOST GROWN.

PHINEAS

They say - if you look into river mists, you can see your own future. Do you believe that?

MITTY

I believe a great deaal.

PHINEAS

Well - look. What do you see?

MITTY

I see a red door.
(turning to him)
What do you see?

PHINEAS

Nothing. I see nothing.

MITTH

(gently and sadly as she leaves)
Summer ends.

PHINEAS

(Rousing himself)

No. Not yet! It ain't over yet - not yet.

(A trumpet call - a call to arms, to battle, to valor - shatters the night.

The men of the town, in dusty uniforms, remnants of better days, carrying muskets and God knows what other weapons, march toward
PHINEAS)

SPOKESMAN

(Hysterically organized)

We're organized. You're right. We can't put our faith in the Sheriff. Someone must stay to guard the town. We had a Town Meeting - Emergency Session - took a vote - 33-18 to give you the keys. Here they are.

(He pulls out a large bunch of keys and presents them to an astonished
PHINEAS)

PHINEAS

What are these the keys to - in case you never come back?

SPOKESMAN

(Efficiently)

We had them all labeled. The jail... the bank... the vestry... the town hall... the Chadbourne place - the Deckers. Mrs. Armitage. The Crowell girls.

(In military manner)

And now we must be off.

(They fall somewhat in line)

Ain't it surprisin how minds become clear in battle?

(Upon reflection)

Where should we look?

PHINEAS

For a phantom highwayman - look everywhere!

SPOKESMAN

Attention!

(There is a shot from offstage)

Scatter!

(The men disperse, all on the prow! PHINEAS waves farewell with his ring of keys)

PHINEAS

(Examining the keys)

Imagine that! The keys to the town.

(More thunder. Some heat lightning)

This whole town - in my hands.

(He handles each key, like playing
as though she love me - she loves
me not)

Mrs. Chadbourne's china...

Mrs. Foster's silver...

Mrs. Armitage's -

(The idea strikes him that there is
more than goods and chattel locked
in these houses. There are women -
waiting in fear and awe of Ruby
Lamkin.

He resumes his inventory)

Mrs. Armitage.

The Crowell girls.

(Reading label)

Mrs. Meserve's preserves.

(Already tasting them)

Mrs. Meserve.

(He takes a couple of steps, thinks of
himself as Ruby Lamkin. His steps
become lithel cat-like! He becomes
young, he fairly floats. He dances
in the moonglade. It is pure joy. He
is alive, he has never been more alive.
Finally before he leaves to insert the
first key in the first lock, he stops
and looks at the night around him.

Oh, God.

(And then, in real wonder, in awe,
and in love)

Oh - God!

(The moonglade has taken hold
completely. There is a gust of
wind that sets the trees moving,
the mists waving. and figures -
figures like trees, like the
elements - figures tangled in love -
moving.

The mind has been set free, and
whatever the passions of summer are,
they have been released.

The music is a pulse, part thunder,
part heart-beat - the strings and the
woodwinds are like the echoes off from
mountains.

The moon goes behind another cloud.

(Perhaps, there is a flash of lightning, and we see FAUCETT toppled into the river by SILAS.

When the moon is revealed again, JUDE and EMMA are standing - she waiting for his embrace - he, preparing to give it. He kisses her.

EMMA settles down cozily. but JUDE looks around. Obviously, he anticipates something. He kisses EMMA again. It's no use. He releases her and yells to the skies)

JUDE

Goddamit, Mitty. If you're goin to hant me, at least hant me dependable!

(EMMA stares at him. The SHERIFF enters, his gun drawn)

SHERIFF

Halt!

EMMA

(In disgust)

Halt what?

SHERIFF

(To JUDE)

Now, whoever you are, I nabbed you. And it was no one else who took you but me. I want em all to see that.

(Shouting)

Ring the bell! Lamkin's took.

(The townspeople gather. Men with muskets and weapons. They don't come too near. After all, this is a dangerous man. Only the men are here)

(Angrily)

I said - ring the bell!

MAN

(Sheepishly)

Bell was took. Clapper too.

SHERIFF

(Turning to JUDE)

Ain't you the dandy. I guess you took everything in town.

(Another thought occurring)

Where're the women?

SPOKESMAN

Locked up.

(PHINEAS enters, followed by various women. They all have the look of creatures who have just had a visitation. Their bonnets are crooked, their clothes are askew. PHINEAS leads them. He is confident. He is supreme)

PHINEAS

They're unlocked now.

(Moving to JUDE)

They caught you, did they?

SHERIFF

I caught him. I'll bring him to trial. I'll get the reward.

PHINEAS

(crying gladly)

The trial! That's the best part. I can't wait. Why should we?

(As he describes it, the lights go brighter, the citizens start to line the streets. Banners appear, etc.)

The flags flap in the breeze. The sun is hot, the sky is blue. Those days always have glorious weather. There'll be crowds all the way to the county seat. The factory girls will have half-holiday - with pay. It will be girls, girls, girls, lining the streets, squealin and jumpin and "Oh, ain't he handsome "Ruby, Ruby, darling!" the militia will march. The cadet will play some of the old songs.

(The militia marches. The band plays, the crowd is with him completely. Even JUDE is impressed)

They'll throw flowers at you - pinks, marigolds, bachelor's buttons. God, Sheriff, they might even throw some at you.

(They pelt the SHERIFF)

And then they'll try you for one thing or another...

(PHINEAS is interrupted by a terrible cry - SILAS, breaking in with the dread announcement)

SILAS

Murder! Murder! Old Francis Faucett. Done in - pushed in the drink. I heard him scream. I saw him strugglin in those black waters - but only for a second. He was done in by Lamkin. It's all clear. Abduct the wife. Kill the husband. Gain the fortune.

(to the crowd)

Get the rope!

PHINEAS

(trying to reassert himself)
Get the Judge. We demand a fair trial.

(The SHERIFF brings out robe and gavel)

SHERIFF

This town is small. And poor. No allowance for fripperies. I'm also Judge.

(PHINEAS rolls piteous eyes heavenward)

PHINEAS

Are you too poor to have a corpse? Where's the evidence?

SILAS

(producing FAUCETT's knitted cap, sopping wet)
His last remains. Caught on a stick, floating downstream.
(addressing it)
So good he was - so kind.
(wringing the cap like a chicken's neck)
And no, Gone Forever!

(The note of triumph in his voice goes unnoticed by the crowd, which doffs its hats to the puddle of water that is the last of FRANCIS FAUCETT)

JUDGE

That's evidence enough for me. Guilty.

SILAS

(impatiently)
Get the rope!

TOWNSMAN

We don't have one handy.

SILAS

(screaming)
Well, find one.

TOWNSMAN

That may take some doing.

PHINEAS

We have time.

(to JUDE)

Don't worry. They won't find the rope, or if they do, the branch will break, or the rope will. They're out of practice.

JUDE

I'd like to say a word.

PHINEAS

Ssh, don't talk. You'll spoil everything.

(improvising)

I wish I were in your place. See how the ladies are beginning to sob for their Lamkin. Listen. The drum beats softly. The moans are muffled. Your step will still be jaunty. Your eyes still flashin. Only a miracle can save you now - the Ruby Lamkin, often seen, but never taken - at last facing your last blue sky, your last "good morning" your last breath of air, fresh or otherwise.

(running out of steam)

Your last adventure. What are your last words?

JUDE

You don't hang a man for kissing a respectable matron.

EMMA

(nailing it down)

Widow.

(A figure comes out of the crowd, sopping wet, covered with lily pads, and bringing a rope. It is FRANCIS FAUCETT)

FAUCETT

Here. Here's your rope. Hang 'em!

PHINEAS

(stunned)

Francis Faucett! Small as life! But you're walkin!

FAUCETT

A miracle. Legs that aint touched ground since I fell off that ridgepole last June - soon as they touched water, they took to workin real smart - and brought me back so's I could bear witness against them two thievin' fornicatin' adulterous murderin' sinners! Hang em!

SHERIFF

(pointing to JUDE and PHINEAS)

Them two?

FAUCETT

(screaming, pointing to EMMA and SILAS)

Them two. Hang em.

SHERIFF

We can't. You were the corpse.

FAUCETT

(in complete frustration)

Damn!

FAUCETT (Cont'd)

(but looking on the bright side)

Well, it's punishment enough I'll keep 'em both close by me for as long as I live.

(crowing)

And that will be forever.

(to SILAS)

You never could do anything right. Even gettin rid of a poor helpless cripple like me. Now, roll me home. Emma, get out of my chair.

EMMA

But you can walk.

FAUCETT

Because I can don't mean I will.

SHERIFF

Just a minute. I don't want no one to leave. I want you all to witness this.

(Addressing PHINEAS)

You've cost the town money, and I don't intend you should get off free. You come in here and stirred up this town - to no purpose that I can see. You got em seeing things that weren't there.

PHINEAS

He's young, and hot-headed.

SHERIFF

Not him. You. You're the one. Usually we run your kind out of town on a rail. A pot of tar, and a bag of feathers. But, we're tarring some roofs, and that ain't available.

Now, our town liar is only six years old, but he beats you, old man, a country mile. When he's told a whopper, too big for us to take, we stand him up and make him repeat his phrase three times. It's a public humiliation, and it usually stops him for a day or two. So - you say "A Liar is the Worst of Men - I Swear I shall not lie again" three times, and you can go.

PHINEAS

(protesting)

That's a child's punishment.

SHERIFF

Yes. Either that, or the rail.

PHINEAS

That's my choice?

(lightly)

"A Liar Is The Worst of Men
I Swear I Shall Not Lie Again!"

(The silence is complete. PHINEAS realizes that this is indeed a public humiliation. As he looks around, he sees that they regard him as an old windbag and a fool. His illusions are being stripped from him)

SHERIFF

(like a whip)

That was once.

PHINEAS

(more slowly, and with difficulty)

"A Liar Is the Worst of Men
I Swear I Shall Not Lie Again."

(suddenly)

No. I won't say it again. It would kill me. Get your rail.

SHERIFF

What did you say?

PHINEAS

I said - No.

(rather joyously)

No. What a great feeling that is. No.

I'm at the last of my line. The tail end of the end.
There's always been singing men on the road. And liars.
But no more.

I gave you the best I had, good people, and if you don't like it - go look at your own moon if you can find it, make up your own tales - if you have any, read your newspapers if you can get to the end of the page without dozing off. Go on, go to your jobs and your mills and your importances, and when you get to your gravestone don't blame me that nothing happened. That you never once looked up, or out, or went beyond the fence or crossed a river. You can tell me I'm useless, but you can't make me deny what I was. So - No!

SHERIFF

There you go, tearing down our foundations.

PHINEAS

No. That's what New England was built on.
In the beginning we said:

GOD, GRANT US LAND
WHERE THE WINDS DON'T BLOW
WHERE THE RAINS FALL GENTLE
AND THE SNOW DON'T SNOW
WHERE THE CROPS CAN PROSPER
AND THE FLOCKS BE FED
AND GOD SAID - NO!
AND GAVE US NEW ENGLAND INSTEAD. He said -

PHINEAS (Cont'd)

TAKE THIS LAND
WHERE THE WINDS BLOW HARD
WITH BOULDERS BOUNCING
DOWN ON EVERY YARD
BY GOD, YOU BE OBEDIENT
AND WE SAID - NO!
AND CREATED DISSENT!

Our gift from God - We were so grateful we sat down and had Thanksgiving.

UH-UH, OH NO, NEVER, I SAY - NOSSIR
NARY A NOPE, etc.

(PHINEAS pantomimes the first thanks-
giving, refusing more pie, turkey,
Indian Pudding, etc.)

WE TOOK GOD'S GIFT
FOR OUR VERY OWN
CREATED LIFE
RIGHT OUT OF ICE AND STONE
AND WHEN KING GEORGE
SAT DOWN TO TEA
THEN WE SAID NO
BUT SO DID HE.

That brought the redcoats.

UH-UH, OH NO, NEVER, I SAY, NOSSIR
NARY A NOPE, DON'T TREAD ON ME

(PHINEAS fights the Revolution
from Lexington to Annapolis)

TWAS NO THAT SHATTERED THE CONCORD AIR
THAT SHOOK THE THIRTEEN COLONIES
THAT TURNED THE TIDE ON BOSTON BAY
THAT SPARKED THE REVOLUTION
THAT WROTE THE CONSTITUTION
THAT TOPPLED MANY A MONARCHY
THAT STARTED THE EMIGRATION
OF PEOPLE WHO HAD TO SAY...

uh-uh, oh no, nein, nyet and nossir
etc.

SHERIFF

I don't care about all that.

PHINEAS

That's a pity.

PHINEAS (Cont'd)

There may be lands
WHERE THE WINDS DON'T BLOW
BUT THAT LAND IS CHILLY
IF THERE AIN'T NO NO

THERE MAY BE LANDS
WHERE THE CROPS CAN GROW
BUT THAT LAND IS BARREN
IF YOU CAN'T GROW "NO!"

SHERIFF

(to the CROWD)
Get the rail.

CROWD

(tentatively)
No. No.

SHERIFF

What's that?

PHINEAS

They're saying - no. It's rusty, but it's a start. Oh,
we got all kinds when we get going. Brisk - NO - Slow - NOOOO.
Scattered - No..nono - in a row - No, no, no, no.

And we got all kinds of purposes for them.

(This is a round-robin)

PHINEAS

(to militia)
You know how to fire those things?

MILITIA

No!
(to SILAS)
You contented?

SILAS

No.
(to FAUCETT)
Raise My Wages!

FAUCETT

No!
(to EMMA)
Call me dear.

EMMA

No.
(to JUDE)
Want my picture?

JUDE

No.
 (to MITTY)
 Like living alone?

MITTY

No.
 (to SHERIFF)
 Do you know what you're doing?

SHERIFF

No.
 (to PHINEAS)
 You finished?

PHINEAS

NO!
 FROM BIRTH TO DEATH
 AND INBETWEEN
 WE ALL SAY YES
 MORE THAN WE MEAN

WHEN GOD SAYS, COME
 THEN WE SAY - NO
 GOD THUNDERS - YES!
 WE HAVE TO GO
 BUT DON'T WE GO, PROTESTING, THOUGH.....

Uh - Uh, oh no, not yet, I say nossir.

(PHINEAS pleading before God's
 throne, finally gives in)

IT'S OFF TO HEAVEN,
 OR IT'S DOWN BELOW
 BUT HEAVEN WILL BE HELL
 IF THERE AIN'T NO NO

PRIASE GOD FROM WHOM
 ALL BLESSINGS FLOW
 BUT PRAISE HIM MOSTLY FOR
 CREATING...

ALL

(booming)

NO!

PHINEAS

It's infectious, Sheriff. Why don't you try it?

SHERIFF

(dismissing the idea)

No.

PHINEAS

Thank you.

SHERIFF

I should know better than to try beating a Yankee peddler.
Well - better to get shaved by a sharp blade than a dull one.
Just one more word - Git!

PHINEAS

Don't you want to hear about?

CROWD

(unanimously)

NO!

(At that moment, the factory whistle
blows. It means back to work. Holi-
days are over. And summer is over.
And an era is over.

As if it had been a dream, the people,
the whole parade of them - SHERIFF, EMMA,
SILAS, FAUCETT and all, frozen in posi-
tions - are flown along with the sets.
The stage is as bare as it was at the
beginning of the play. And there on it
are PHINEAS and JUDE)

PHINEAS

(looking around)

A touch of fall in the air. I don't like fall. I never have.

JUDE

That's funny. And I'm lookin' forward to it.

(looking around)

Where is she? Gone again?

PHINEAS

Who?

JUDE

You saw her.

PHINEAS

I don't know who I saw.

JUDE

(decisively)

I'm goin home and find out.

PHINEAS

You have a home?

JUDE

I'll find that out too, won't I?

(Now it is the reverse of the opening.
It is JUDE who persuades the images of

Fall to appear - and as the two
men travel, New England autumn
gradually takes shape - the golds,
the reds, the shadows)

JUDE (Cont'd)

THINK VILLAGE SQUARES
THINK WILDWOOD
THINK COUNTY FAIRS
THINK CHILDHOOD

THINK BRINDLE COWS
STILL GRAZIN'
THINK GOLDEN ROD
STILL BLAZIN'

THE WOODS' YELLOW STREAKIN'
BECOMES THE BRIGHT BEACON
LIKE LANTERN SHINE
AT SUPPERTIME
THAT'S THE BEST TIME OF ALL
THINK FALL.

(And there, conjured up, is home,
MITTY's farmhouse. The green of
spring exchanged for the gold of
autumn. The back porch is empty
- but the door has been painted
red)

She painted that door red, b'God.

PHINEAS

B'God, she did.

JUDE

I remember the first time I saw her at that door -

(The door opens, and out comes
DORINDA, packed and traveling.
She looks at the two of them.
And right into conversation,
without even a greeting)

DORINDA

Ordered out, bag and baggage. You know Mitty. When she
makes up her mind, she makes it up fast. She bought the
Benjamin place. Behind my back. Got us moved. Well, I
don't know how she'll manage here alone.

JUDE

I'm back.

DORINDA

You'll drift away with the first daisy. But there, I Said
My Last Word on That Subject.

DORINDA (Cont'd)
(giving bags to PHINEAS)
Here, help. Put me and the bag in the wagon.

PHINEAS
Certainly. Did you enjoy the summer?

DORINDA
(coldly)
I never enjoy anything.

(They go off. MITTY appears at the door and the two look at each other a second)

MITTY
Well, I declare - if summer isn't over.

JUDE
(carefully)
Did you have a good one?

MITTY
A quiet one. I never strayed from this doorstep.

(JUDE can't figure out whether with her smile she is laughing at him or not)

JUDE
Is that the truth?

MITTY
The truth is - you're back. For how long?

JUDE
I don't know.

MITTY
(capitulating)
I don't care.
(He holds her. His choice has been made)

JUDE
SO MUCH WORLD
AND SO SHORT THE TIME
WE'RE GIVEN FOR SEEING

SO MUCH WORLD
AND SO SHORT THE TIME
WE'RE GIVEN FOR BEING

ALL THE JOYS OF THIS EARTH
I WANTED TO FIND
WHEN ALL THE JOYS OF THIS EARTH
I LEFT BEHIND.

JUDE (Cont'd)

SO MUCH WORLD
 AND SO SHORT THE TIME
 WE'RE GIVEN FOR LIVING
 SO, MY LOVE, LET US TAKE THIS TIME
 WE'RE GIVEN, TO LIVE - AND LOVE

AND LET A LIFETIME
 SHOW HOW I LOVE YOU
 I LOVE YOU... I LOVE YOU.... NOW!

MITTY

(such a New England woman)

I'll go put supper on.

(She goes inside. PHINEAS returns,
 carrying a newspaper)

PHINEAS

Look at this. They wrote us up. Terrible. They made it no
 truer than what happened.

(seeing another item)

Why, look at this! Gold!

(The mind starts calculating)

Gold! If people can believe in the west, they can believe
 anything!

(rising)

They need me!

(to JUDE)

You coming?

JUDE

No.

PHINEAS

How quickly they learn!

The West! How could you afford to miss it?

JUDE

There are some things I'll just miss.

PHINEAS

Hmm. You got your illusions. And I got mine. This free
 life on the road.

(shrugging)

It's too late to go back, try again, and see what might
 have been different.

(gently)

Well, you go in. And I'll go on.

JUDE

(moved)

Goodbye - Ruby.

PHINEAS

(laughing)
Goodbye, boy.

(JUDE turns to walk into the house.
It's growing very dark. The lights
go on inside the house. JUDE has
left something unsaid. And now he
turns to say it)

JUDE

Phineas. There'll never be a summer like this one.

(PHINEAS' face lights up. It was,
after all, what he had always wanted
to hear)

PHINEAS

I said we'd make this one a dandy. And we did.

(He turns to us now. He is all
alone)

And it's over. I don't want it to end. Not now. Not ever.
If I keep moving, it won't.

(He starts to move - a bit of the
Lamkin comes in - Cat-like, stealthy.

The music starts. He smiles. He's
got it. He doesn't even notice that
the curtain falls)